

The Adair County News.

VOLUME XVII

COLUMBIA, ADAIR COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY JANUARY 7, 1914.

NUMBER 10

Enjoyable Affair.

Columbia Chapter, No. 209, Eastern Star Masons, Entertain.

A few months ago a Chapter of Eastern Star Masons was organized in this place, and the ladies who largely make up the membership, have been enthusiastic from the start. Since it was organized many applicants have been received, and at this time the Chapter is in a growing condition, and bids fair to be one of the largest in this part of Kentucky.

Last week the ladies announced that they would entertain in their hall Thursday evening, and a number of invitations were extended.

The hall was handsomely decorated in the five colors of the order, and by 8 o'clock every seat had been taken by the members and by those who answered to the invitations.

A few minutes after 8 o'clock the officers and members, ladies only, marched from the anti-room into the hall proper, and were seated by Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson, who is the worthy Matron, each officer taking her respective position.

Mrs. Wilson then announced the program, and Mr. G. P. Smythe came first, who in his usual happy manner, delivered the welcome address, clothed in choice language.

Readings followed, one by Miss Mabel Atkins, the other by Miss Elizabeth Hewitt. These ladies are both talented, and seemed to be at their best on this occasion. Many compliments were passed upon their gifts, showing that their renditions were highly appreciated.

Refreshments, consisting of salads, cake, etc., mingled with toasts, followed. Everything was elegantly prepared, and the invited guests voted it one of the most enjoyable affairs ever pulled off in Columbia.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

RUSSELL CIRCUIT COURT

OF KENTUCKY.

Vernon Holt, Adm., Plff.
vs.
Sidney Holt, etc., Defts.

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Russell Circuit Court, rendered at the October term, thereof, 1913, in the above styled action, for such uses as the court may hereafter direct, I shall proceed to offer for sale, at the Court-house door, in Jamestown, Ky., to the highest and best bidder, at public auction, on Monday, the 14th day of February, 1914, at one o'clock, p. m. or thereabout, (being Circuit Court day,) upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit:

Two tracts of land lying in Russell county, Ky., on the waters of Greasy creek, about two miles south of Jamestown, Ky., and known as the David Jones place.

First tract containing 125 acres more or less, second tract containing 150 more or less.

Also one tract of land known as the Clarence Bernard place, and adjoining the above named two tracts.

Also one tract containing 25 acres, lying on the south side of the Jamestown and Greasy creek turnpikes, and partly in the town of Jamestown.

Also two town lots in the town of Jamestown, Ky., being a part of the new Jail lot.

The first two tracts named above will be first sold separately, then both tracts together, and the sale bringing the most money will be the one accepted.

For full description of the above named lands and town lots, the Judgment on record in the Russell Circuit Clerk's office is referred to.

For the purchase price, the purchaser with approved surety or sureties, must execute bond bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

H. H. Dunbar, Master Commissioner.

Our people regret very much to lose the citizenship of Judge N. H. Moss, who will remove with his interesting family to his farm, near Gradyville. Misses Ora and Mollie will be greatly missed by the young people.

There are a great many of our Adair county subscribers who are in arrears at this office and we would take it as a special favor if they would call and make payment.

Circuit court will commence here the third Monday in this month. Sheriff Patteson has made an effort to have every thing in readiness.

The newly elected county officers were sworn in Monday. County Court.

Entertainment.

The Sunday School of the Washington street Presbyterian church had a lovely entertainment Tuesday evening at the church. The little folk had been well drilled under Misses Nettie Lou Banks and Ellen Bush and their performance was quite a credit to their leaders. Gifts were bestowed upon each one. Before the exercises the members of the church met at the parsonage and remembered their beloved Pastor and his splendid wife with donations for their pantry. Dr. and Mrs. Crawford have won their way into the hearts of their members and those also of other churches in the short time they have been here.—Winchester Democrat.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued from the Adair county clerk's office during the month of December, 1913:

John W. Bennett, to Hattie McIntire.

W. S. Tedder, to Hattie Rich.

Jo McQuary, to Ery Bryant.

T. A. Landis, to Ida Houk.

James Roots, to Lizzie Propes.

John Burton, to Dorinda M. Cook.

John Wilson, to Zonie Thomas.

Oscar Sinclair, to Rosa Corneal.

John A. Jones, to Lula Strange.

Pleas Edwards, to Carrie Keltner.

Charlie Jones, to Willie Bowen.

F. G. Petty, to Iva Campbell.

W. G. Cabell, to Mary Gartin.

Odd-Fellow's Elect Officers.

The following persons were installed officers of Columbia Lodge, No. 230, I. O. O. F., last Thursday night, having been previously nominated and appointed—to serve one year:

J. R. Garnett, N. G.

T. E. Jeffries, V. G.

J. C. Strange, Sec'y.

W. R. Squires, Treas.

P. H. Ingram, Conductor.

Jo Sandusky, Warden.

Melvin Conover, Chaplain.

S. G. Denny, Inside Guard.

Clint Smith, Outside Guard.

S. C. Neat, Right S. S.

W. T. Orlley, Left S. S.

H. T. Walker, Right, S. N. G.

W. H. Sandusky, Left S. N. G.

Frank Richardson, Right S. V. G.

Drew Moore, Left S. V. G.

Frank Hulse Married.

A letter from Rev. T. L. Hulse, of Pembroke, to the principals of the Lindsey-Wilson, received last Friday morning, stated that his son, Frank, would not return to school, as he and young girl named Brawner had eloped to Tennessee and got married. Frank is seventeen and the young lady is about the same age. Mr. Hulse was doing fine in school here, and will be greatly missed from his classes.

Columbia and Adair county people are making another effort to get a railroad built to Columbia. Several attempts to secure a road in past have failed but everything looks more favorable this time. Russell county would like to see this road built, as it would bring railway transportation 20 miles nearer us. The building of this road means much for the up-building of Adair county and the enterprising citizenship of that County should push it to a successful conclusion.—Russell Springs Advance.

Messrs. Denny & Walker, while boring well for water, on a piece of land owned by Mr. Allen Walker, opposite the home of Mr. S. H. Mitchell, gas was struck. A pipe was inserted and the gas set on fire, burning for eight or ten nights, the blaze running eight feet high. The quantity of gas is not known. The well has been plugged for future development.

Miss Sallie R. Marcum writes us a card from Havana, Cuba. She spent her vacation in that city, and writes that she has seen some wonderful sights. She took a look at Morro Castle. She also got a bead on Felix Diaz, who had been there for some time. The weather was warm, the thermometer registering 70 degrees.

Mr. James Butler, who was a native of Adair county, died near Gresham, Green county, one day last week. He was seventy-one years old. His wife preceded him to the grave one week.

Mr. Will Dohoney, who keeps a record of the deaths of old soldiers in Adair county, gives the following: For the year 1909, 3; 1910, 8; 1911, 9; for 1912, 13; for 1913, 7. There are 118 yet living in this county.

LAST YEAR'S BUSINESS.

Columbia Merchants and Grocersmen Give Expressions.

A representative of the News called on the business men of Columbia Friday morning and received the following answers to the question "How was your business for 1913?"

Russell & Co., "Our business was good." We are satisfied.

Jeffries Hardware Store, "Our business was up to the average."

First National Bank, "Satisfactory."

Reed & Miller, Hardware and groceries, "An increase over 1912."

Wilson & Gill, Grocers, "Exceeded our expectations."

W. I. Ingram, General merchant, "Better than the year 1912."

J. F. Patteson, General merchant, "Satisfactory."

Page & Taylor, Druggists, "Small increase over last year."

Frank Sinclair, General merchant, "Not as good as 1912, but I am thankful for what I received."

Bank of Columbia, "It was a successful year for this institution."

W. L. Walker, General merchant, "Much better than I expected."

Flowers & Beck, Grocers, "Make no complaint. Good for 1913."

C. R. Hutchinson, Grocer, "My business increased over 1912."

Sandusky Bros., Planing Mill, "Business good throughout the year."

Paul Drug Co., "Very satisfactory."

Nell & McCandless, Grocers, "Our business was extra good and we are thankful."

J. W. Ottley, Restaurant, "My business was good and is increasing."

McLean & Bennett, Grocers, "Very good. Not complaining."

Taylor Bros., Grocers, "Not in business all the year, but very good from our start."

J. B. Coffey, Assistant postmaster, "Business increasing and also business hours of labor. Had but little sleep during the 1913. Get up at 4 a. m., retire at 11 sharp."

Henry Ingram, General store, "Business satisfactory."

T. G. Rasner, "Made more money during the year 1913 than any other one year of my life."

Sam Lewis, Produce dealer, "My business was better in 1913 than 1912."

Goff Bros., Liveryman, "Our business was good and we are satisfied."

Casey Jones, General store, "My business was good and is getting better day by day."

W. H. Goff, Liveryman, I am satisfied with the year 1913.

Columbia Roller Mill, Business good during the past year.

Farm for Sale.

I will, on Monday the first day of circuit court, sell to the highest and best bidder at the court-house door, the farm known as the W. C. Loy farm, lying near Fairplay. It contains 200 acres, 75 in timber. Terms of sale 6 months credit.

Marcus A. Loy.

An examination for applicants for postmaster, at Cane Valley and Casey Creek has been ordered by the Civil Service Commission, and any one desiring to take the examination can apply to the postmaster, at these places, or to the Civil Service Commission, at Washington, D. C., for an application blank, which must be properly filled out and sent to the Civil Service Commission, at Washington, D. C., which will give an order for the examination. The applicant should state in his application, at what point, he desires to be examined. Examinations will be held at Greensburg and Liberty on February 7th, 1914, and at Lebanon on February 14th, 1914. The three candidates passing the best examination will be reported as eligible for appointment and the member of Congress may recommend one of them.

Another railroad meeting next Thursday night. People living out of town are requested to come in. Every farmer in the county should be interested in the movement. A railroad would make Adair county one of the best for business in the State.

Parties having wheat deposited at Roller mill, can get their flour at either Roller mill or G. B. Smith's exchange, or a part at either place.

G. B. Smith.

Miss Kate Gill entertained a large number of her young friends last Wednesday evening.

Miss Maggie Rubarts, who lives on Green river, and Mr. John T. White, of Tartar, were married one day last week.

A Grandmother's Day at Mr. C. R. Royse's.

On Monday, December 29th, 1913, Mrs. C. R. Royse gave a grandmother's entertainment in honor of her mother, Mrs. E. Barger, of Jamestown, Ky.

The grandmothers present were: Mrs. Nannie Royse, Mrs. Nona McCaffree, Mrs. Nannie Johnston, Mrs. Mary Barger, besides quite a number of other persons.

When the noon hour arrived we were invited into the dining room where a most sumptuous dinner awaited us. After the repast had been served to us so nicely by Mrs. Royse and her daughters, Misses Annie and Lula, we were invited into the parlor where we were very pleasantly entertained with most delightful music, rendered by Miss Annie.

After the day being spent so pleasantly and the time of parting had arrived, we bade each other good-bye, hoping to have another such day sometime in the future.

One of the Grandmothers.
Mary Barger.

The Lindsey-Wilson.

Last Tuesday marked the beginning of the largest opening in the history of this well-known institution. Boys and girls commenced to arrive on Monday and the rush was continued through last Sunday. The girls' dormitory and boys dormitories are now full and Prof. Chandler is accommodating ten at his residence, and other people on the hill are furnishing rooms. It was evidently the largest opening in the history of the institution. The principals are busy and will make outside arrangements for all who will come. It is very gratifying not only to the principals, but to all Columbia, to see the school in such a prosperous condition. Let it be understood that arrangements will be made to accommodate all who desire to enter.

Delightfully Entertained.

Miss Rose Hyde very delightfully entertained a few of her friends Saturday afternoon. Owing to the inclemency of the weather all were not able to accept her invitation, but those who braved the snowstorm were well paid for the inconvenience of the journey and spent a most pleasant afternoon.

Dainty refreshments consisting of ambrosia, hot chocolate and wafers were served.

The following were present: Mesdames Allen Walker, Woodruff Flowers, Willie Bee Hynes, Jo Russell, C. M. Russell, Misses Alice Walker, Nettie Clark, Nina Rickman, and Katie Murrell.

Beginning Jan 1st 1914, every article in our store will be marked in plain figures at exactly the price for which it is to be sold. There will be no deviation from these terms, except that cash purchases of \$1 or over will be discounted at the rate of 5 per cent. We mean by cash purchases, articles that are paid for in cash at time of purchase.

Very truly,
Russell & Co.

The Commercial Club met last Wednesday night. Committee on by-laws made its report which was adopted. N. M. Tutt and J. W. Flowers were made permanent President and Secretary, the term to last two years. Some new committees were appointed and a board of directors elected. The soliciting committee reported that it had secured several thousand dollars since the last writing, to further the railroad project.

Mr. Robert Young, who lives on the Butler farm, lost a fine mule last Sunday. He was returning from Monticello, and in ferrying Cumberland river, the animal jumped out of the boat and was drowned before it could be rescued. The mule was valued at several hundred dollars.

Miss Keys Oatts, of Wayne county, known to a great many of the young people of Columbia, was married on December 24th, to a Mr. Hill, of Danville. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Geo. A. Smith, this place.

All deputy clerks in Adair county, serving under Mr. Walker Bryant will have to be reappointed by said Bryant before they are authorized to transact business.

Mr. Jo Ed Flowers, who got accidentally shot ten days ago, will soon be able to come to town. He is now walking about his room.

CHARGED WITH KILLING IN CLINTON COUNTY.

James Means Arrested in Indiana for Alleged Murder of Dock Lawhorn.

Columbus, Ind., Jan. 3.—(Special to Sunday's Courier-Journal.)—While James Means, 33, of Albany, Clinton county, Ky., was stringing his banjo to-night at the home of James Eudy, a cousin, with whom he was staying and who lives near here, Sheriff Burns walked into the room and placed him under arrest. Means is said by Burns to be wanted at Albany for the alleged murder of Dock Lawhorn. The prisoner, according to Burns, says he will not return to Kentucky without extradition and he has employed a lawyer here to bring habeas corpus proceedings.

A part of his jaw has been shot off, this having happened in the feud fight, according to Means. He also has a gunshot wound sustained he says, in a fight before the killing of Lawhorn on September 28th.

Means says he came to the home of his cousin here immediately after the killing and when he assumed the name of John Jones.

A New Year's Thought.

If we knew you and you knew me, 'Tis seldom we would disagree; But, never having yet clasped hands, Both often fail to understand That each intends to do what's right, And treat each other "honor bright." How little to complain there'd be If I knew you and you knew me.

When'er we skip you by mistake Or in your bill some error make, From irritation you'd be free If I knew you and you knew me. Or when the checks don't come on time, And customers send us nary a line, We'd wait without anxiety If I knew you and you knew me.

Then let no doubting thoughts abide Of firm good faith on either side: Confidence to each other give, Living ourselves, let others live: But any time you come this way, That you will call we hope and pray: Then face to face we each shall see, And I'll know you and you'll know me. Selected.

For Sale.

My house and lot on Greensburg street in Columbia. Also second hand piano. For particulars call on or write H. A. Hurt, Columbia, Ky.

L. C. Hurt

PROGRAM.

Program for the week of prayer beginning January 5th, 1914. General topics for the week.

The four institutions that contribute to the highest attainment of Christian citizenship. Beginning at the Presbyterian Church at 7 o'clock.

1. The Home, Z. T. Williams, H. C. Baker.

Tuesday evening at the Methodist Church at 7 o'clock.

2. The School, J. S. Chandler, C. C. Turner.

Wednesday evening at the Christian Church at 7 o'clock.

3. The Church, O. P. Bush, Tobias Huffaker.

Thursday evening at the Presbyterian Church at 7 o'clock.

4. The Press, C. S. Harris, F. J. Barger.

Friday evening at the Methodist Church at 7 o'clock.

5. General Rally for better morals and better citizenship of the town.

By Volunteer Speakers.

The week of prayer has been observed here for a number of years the first week in January each year with profit and spiritual uplift. Opportunity will be given each evening for volunteer talks. Each church is requested to provide music suitable for each evening. Every body is invited to attend these meetings and make them the best of any of the preceding ones.

For Sale.

One-inch, all poplar lumber, \$1.00 cash on our yard.

J. H. and E. Young.

I am now in my exchange, Columbia, with plenty of good meal and flour to exchange for wheat and corn.

G. B. Smith.

Come to the railroad meeting Thursday night, Dec. 8th. Those who are interested in the project are in dead earnest.

Will Probate.

The will of Mrs. Fannie Walker, who died in this place about six weeks ago, was probated in the Adair County court last Monday. The following is the provisions of the instrument:

First, she directs that all her just debts be paid and a suitable monument erected to her memory.

Second, she gives her brother, Ed Reynolds, \$500, to be held in trust for his use and benefit, the interest only to be paid to him, except in case of extreme necessity, as in sickness, or other misfortune. At his death the remainder of the \$500, if there should be any, to go to those who have taken care of him, according to services rendered.

Third, she gives her niece, May East, \$500 to be held in trust, she to receive the interest on same so long as she lives, and at her death, the same to go to the heirs of her body, if there be any, and if none, her half sister, are to have the said \$500 but if neither of them are living, then the \$500 goes to her full nephews, equally divided, and the heirs of their body.

She appoints the Louisville Trust Company, of Louisville, Trustee to receive the money in clauses 2 and 3, and to carry out the provision of same.

All the rest of her estate goes to the heirs at law of her late husband, W. H. Walker, and directs same to be distributed among them, as though inherited from him.

W. L. Walker and R. F. Paul are named as executors of the will. The instrument was witnessed by G. A. Kemp and J. W. Flowers.

For Sale.

One of the best saw mills in Adair county. Will trade it to any thing from a coffee-mill to a steam-boat, as we are going out of the mill business.

Wolford Bros.

Thanks.

To the members of the Columbia and Zion Baptist Church:

I have known the members of the Columbia Baptist church a little more than a year.

The representatives of the church while conferring with us as to our acceptance of their pastorate showed a disposition to make the pastorate pleasant and comfortable for pastor and family. This did much to decide our coming.

On our arrival at the parsonage many of the members came, bringing good things to eat and otherwise gave their welcome.

Through the months since, these expressions of appreciation have been repeated.

On Christmas eve the lights were turned on as Christmas gift.

But this did not satisfy their generous spirits. They gave us another pound of good things too numerous to mention.

Old Santa came from Zion too.

And Christmas cheer he brings; He brought four bags of flour And many other things.

These gifts and the spirit that prompted them and in which they were given, make us sing "Bless be the tie that binds."

We thank you.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Bush.

New Officers Qualified.

Last Saturday all the recently elected county officers bonded and were sworn in—Geo. T. Herriford, County Judge; Sam H. Mitchell, Sheriff; Tobias Huffaker, School Superintendent; C. G. Jeffries, Jailor; E. A. Waggoner, Assessor. Mr. Walker Bryant was re-elected County Clerk, and Mr. Gordon Montgomery, re-elected County Attorney. They rebonded. Dr. C. M. Russell, who was elected Coroner and the newly elected Magistrates bonded and were sworn in Monday. It is the general opinion that the entire bunch will make very satisfactory officials.

For Rent.

A good farm. Call on me or write me at Denmark, Ky.

J. H. Payne.

Mr. Rollin Todd, son of Mr. Jas. P. Todd, and Miss Mary Sublett, eloped to Jeffersonville last week and were married. The couple live near Rome.

Sheriff S. H. Mitchell had the following persons sworn in as deputies, Monday morning: R. M. Hurt, Bud Fletcher and John Thurman.

Rev. C. E. Allen will preach at Jerico school-house, Sunday, Jan. 11 at 2:30 p. m.

STRONG N. PIE.

All He Needed Was a Fair Start, and It Was His Very Own.

A southern congressman relates how, when he was on making a campaign tour through the interior of Mississippi, he came upon a negro cabin, across the threshold of which lay a dainty and a pickaninny perhaps eight years of age.

The child was voraciously devouring a plate heaped high with chicken, vegetables, on bread and other bits of food, in manner it was plainly to be seen, it commanded the elder negro's heavy admiration.

"Is that our child?" asked the congressman.

"Yes, yes, he's shorely mine," answered the father, with a broad grin. "He's at a pretty fair appetite," remarked the congressman, after a moment.



"IT'S HIS PIE, BOSS!"

ment's silence during which the pickaninny finished the plate and produced a huge section of pie.

"Purty fair, boss, purty fair," said the father. "Jes' look at him goin' after dat pie!" Then after a further period of silence, the proud parent added:

"Boss, it ain't no use a-talkin', dat chile's got a pow'ful influence over food. Oncet he gets his upper lip ovah a piece o' pie, it's his pie, boss, it's his pie!"—Harper's Magazine.

Do It Now.

Defer nothing till the morrow. Resolutions which are not carried into execution at the right time resemble clouds without rain in a long drought.—Gustavus Vasa.

She Agreed.

When John Drew was much younger than he is now he took a small part in "Much Ado About Nothing" when that comedy was being performed by his mother, nor did he believe that his performance of his role left much to be desired until he uttered the line, "A gentleman should act better than I," whereupon he overheard his mother remark in an undertone, "I should say so."

Easier to Remember.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had a rather defective memory at times. When he was making the announcements for the coming week one Sunday he wanted to intimate that he would not be the preacher on the following Sunday and that the pulpit would be occupied by his son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Scoville, but at the last moment his memory went astray.

"In addition to the notices just read," he announced, "I desire to say that I shall not be preaching here next Sabbath, and the pulpit will be occupied by—by—the pulpit will be occupied by—by—by—"

After he had stammered for a few seconds he tried again. "I shall not be here next Sabbath, and the preacher will be—will be—be— Here he broke off with a touch of exasperation: "Why, I know him quite well. You all know him. He married my daughter. Oh, I remember!" And he proceeded gravely. "Sam will preach here next Sabbath."

Sarcastic Stanley!

The antipathy which Dr. Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience with King James I. A gayly dressed Scotsman refused him admittance into the king's room. The king, hearing an altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence."

"Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?"

"Oh, no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley; "infect a sinner with punishment. Send him back to Scotland."

Pat's Drams.

A physician not long ago was called to see an Irishman and among other directions told him to take an ounce of whisky three times a day. A day or so later he made another visit and found the man, while not so sick, undeniably drunk.

"How did this happen?" the physician demanded of Pat's wife, who was hovering about solicitously.

"Sure, docter, an' 'tis just what you ordered an' no more that he had," she protested.

"I said one ounce of whisky three times a day. That could not make him drunk," the physician said. "He has had much more than that."

"Nivur a drop more, docter, dear," she declared. "Sure, an' Oi didn't know just how much an ounce was, so Oi went to the drug store an' asked, an' the lad—he's a brother of a boy, too—told me that an ounce was sixteen drams, an' Pat has had him regular an' no more."—London Tit-Bits.

A Scheme

By EVELYN SPENCER

One morning John Atwood, merchant, received from his daughter, who was at the time in Paris, a letter asking him to send all the photographs of her mother, some years dead, to her since she had found an artist who could paint a portrait from them giving the desired lifelike expression. Miss Atwood furthermore suggested that he come over and attend to the matter himself. The artist she referred to was a rising man in his profession and would probably require a good price for doing the work.

Mr. Atwood, gathering the pictures in his possession, sailed for Europe and one day turned up in Paris. He was at once taken to the studio of Clarence Whiting, the artist, who was to paint the portrait. Mr. Whiting looked over the photographs carefully, asked which was regarded as the best likeness of the original and remarked:

"We portrait painters see resemblances more readily than other persons. To me Miss Atwood is very like her mother. But I cannot tell whether the varied expressions of her face are like her mother's, for a photograph has but one expression, and that is apt to be unlike anything ever found on the face of the original. Unfortunately I have never seen Mrs. Atwood. I will undertake to paint the portrait from the photograph you like best, enlivening it with Miss Atwood's most pleasing expressions. In other words, I will make up the portrait from both mother and daughter. I admit that I am much more likely to fail than succeed, but if I succeed the result will be gratifying to you as well as to me."

Mr. Atwood was favorably impressed with this and asked the sum that would be charged for the work when finished. Mr. Whiting replied that, since he would be unable himself to judge of his work, he would make no price until he learned if the father and daughter pronounced it a success. The matter being disposed of, the artist took the photograph of his subject most approved of by the others, and it was arranged that Miss Atwood should give him regular sittings.

Miss Atwood at any sudden announcement that surprised, interested or pleased her had a way of throwing back her head and looking fixedly at the person making the announcement. This is a very lame description of it, but an expression is indescribable. Mr. Whiting looked for it in the father and, not finding it, concluded there were many chances in favor of its having been inherited from the mother. He determined to paint the portrait, giving the life period of Mrs. Atwood about the time she died and the expression referred to.

Mr. Whiting worked a long while before he produced what pleased him, making drawings innumerable before beginning to paint. Miss Atwood rarely assumed what he was trying to catch and put on the canvas, and this materially caused delay. At any rate, the painting of the portrait seemed to require a very long time. Mr. Atwood, whose presence was required in America, became impatient.

At last a satisfactory drawing was made, and after that the work was comparatively easy. More time was spent in smoothing and softening the lines, but Mr. Atwood was assured that a time could be set for the finishing.

He was not permitted to see the picture while it was being painted, and it was not till it was framed and set up in a proper light that he was admitted to the studio, where it rested on an easel. Whiting and Miss Atwood both watched for the expression on his face when he should see it, knowing that success or failure would be expressed there. The result was success beyond their expectations. The widower's face lighted up with an expression never seen there since his wife's death, and he involuntarily put out his arms as if to clasp her, a living elixir.

After feasting his eyes on the picture he drew a check book from his pocket and asked the artist what amount he should fill in for the picture. Whiting glanced at Miss Atwood and saw there a sign which he seemed to understand and said, "Pardon me for a moment; I will make out a bill," and, going to a desk, he sat down, wrote something on a bit of paper, held it before Miss Atwood's eyes; she glanced at it, and he handed it to her father. It read:

To Clarence Whiting, Dr.,
For painting portrait, one girl, Ethel Atwood.

Mr. Atwood was some time getting the drift of the matter through his head. When he did he looked at his daughter sternly and said:

"Ethel, did you work this scheme?"

"I did, papa," replied the girl, drawing short breaths.

"And brought me over here on purpose to turn you over to some one else?"

"That was one object, papa."

"But by no means the only one," the lover put in. "Before your daughter had ever seen me, looking upon one of my portraits, she remarked that I was just the person you needed for the work I have done."

There was a long silence, after which Mr. Atwood said:

"Well, I'll make it a dowry instead of pay for the picture."

And he transferred securities to his daughter that enabled her to marry an artist.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Basket Toss.

Select a number of small fruit baskets, all the same size, and have a box of checkers handy. Suppose you have five baskets. On the bottom of one mark 20, on another 15, on two 5, and on the other 0. Place the baskets in a row on the floor. Choose sides, giving the black checkers to the leader on one side and the red ones to the other. One side lines up about ten feet away from the baskets, the leader giving each player a checker. If there are any left he keeps them and has the right to throw them after the others have all thrown.

Each one in turn throws his checker into any basket, trusting to luck that it falls into a basket with a number on it. When all have played the leader turns up each basket to see its number and counts the number of checkers in it. If there are two in basket No. 20 it counts forty, if three in a No. 5 basket it counts fifteen. Any number in basket 0 count nothing. Then the score on that side is added up, and the number of checkers that fell outside the baskets is deduced from the total. The other side then lines up and plays as the first did. The order of the baskets must be changed occasionally so that no one knows which is which. The game continues until a certain number—300 or 500, as previously agreed upon—has been reached. The side scoring that number of points first is victorious.

The Huntsman.

One person represents the huntsman. The other players call themselves after some part of a huntsman's belongings. For instance, one is his cap, another the horn, others the powder flask, gun, cartridges, coat, boots, etc.

A number of chairs are arranged in the middle of the room, and there must be one chair less than the number of players. The players then seat themselves around the room while the huntsman stands in the center and calls for them, one at a time, in this way: "Gin!" At once "gun" rises and, going behind the huntsman, takes hold of his coat. "Cap," "Belt," "Shot," "Coat," the huntsman cries, or he may tell a story of adventure, bringing in these names. Each person who represents these articles must rise when his or her name is called and place himself behind the player summoned just before him and hold fast to him. At length the huntsman has a long line behind him and begins to run around the group of chairs, all holding to the player in front and running until the huntsman suddenly cries, "Bang," and all scramble for chairs and sit down as quickly as possible.

Of course one is left standing, and he becomes huntsman.

Hall Tennis.

All that is required for this game is a cord and a toy balloon. Fasten the ends of the cord to opposite walls of a hall or room, having it about the height of the shoulder and drawn tight and even across.

Now use the toy balloon as the tennis ball and the right hand as the racket. The balloon may be struck twice so as to get it in good position before the serve over the line. The game then consists in returning the balloon as long as possible. A failure to return makes a gain of one point for the opponent, and four points make a game. The whole thing seems very simple, but try it and see. Much depends on the way the balloon is struck. A stroke on the underside will send the balloon up above your opponent's head, and a stroke sending the balloon so that the underside will just touch the string sends it curling downward out of the reach of the opponent and back to its starting place.

If the balloon does not pass over the string the point is lost to the one giving the stroke.

A Puzzle.

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines.

142,857 multiplied by 1 equals 142,857.

142,857 multiplied by 2 equals 285,714.

142,857 multiplied by 3 equals 428,571.

142,857 multiplied by 4 equals 571,428.

142,857 multiplied by 5 equals 714,285.

142,857 multiplied by 6 equals 857,142.

142,857 multiplied by 7 equals 999,999.

Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, with figures exactly the same as the start.

An Acorn Tea Party.

An acorn's the usefulest thing that I know—
At least things that grow upon trees,
When children are lonely—bing! into their laps

Pop acorns brought down by the breeze,
Is the pleasantest thing to me,
But sometimes while eating they drop on your head,
And sometimes they pop in your tea.

Oh, many's the thing that an acorn will make—
A basket and dishes and bowl,
Not even to mention the cradles and pipes

And brownies with faces so droll,
At evening I lay them away in a box
And put my dear brownies to bed,
But when in the morning I seek them again,

Alas, they are shriveled and dead!

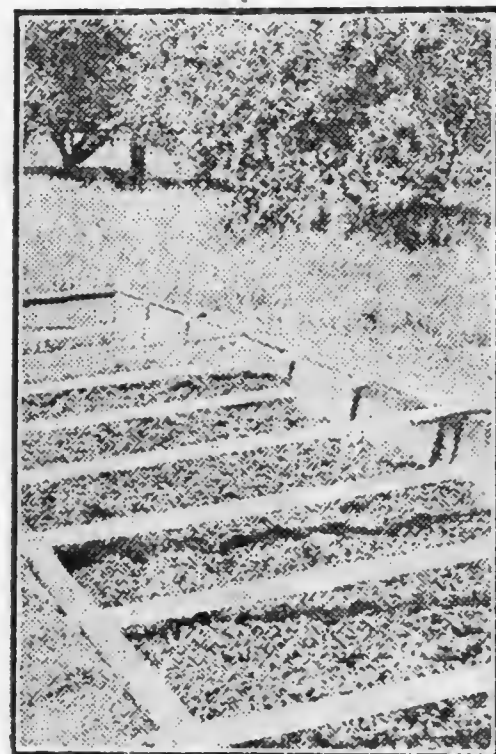
Farm and Garden

HOW TO BUILD HOTBEDS.

The Sunken Type Best For Raising Early Plants From Seed.

Of the several types of hotbeds in general use the sunken or pit type is, all things considered, the best for the raising of early plants from seed. This style of bed is constructed by excavating a pit six feet wide and two and one-half feet deep and as long as necessary to accommodate the number of 3 by 6 foot sash it is desired to use. The sides of the pit are boarded up with rough lumber nailed to posts which may be placed three feet or more apart. If some degree of permanency is desired good material will need to be used. Chestnut lumber is very serviceable and reasonably cheap; spruce comes next in point of durability and cheapness. The sides of the pit should be raised above the surface of the ground twenty inches at the back and twelve inches in front. This will provide ample pitch to the sash for shedding rain and also be of sufficient angle for good construction of the sun's rays and heat. Good sash should be used.

The location of the hotbed should be chosen where the natural drainage is good and, if possible, where there is a good windbreak at the north side. If a suitable sheltered spot is not available then a tight board fence six feet high and extending several feet beyond each end of the hotbed should be



HOTBEDS IN CONSTRUCTION.

erected to break off the cold north winds. Without such a windbreak it will be almost impossible to raise early plants successfully in the hotbed. The windbreak should be about five feet away from the north side of the frame.

The heating material for the hotbed should be horse manure fresh from the stable, to which should be added, when accessible, one-half its bulk of forest leaves. If these are not available straw or hay may be used. The manure and added material is to be thoroughly mixed and formed into a conical heap to undergo fermentation. In the formation of this heap it should be trodden down in successive layers of a foot in depth until the heap is four feet or more in height. The base of the heap should be of sufficient diameter to insure good fermentation in the severest winter weather. All the material used for heating should be well dampened before putting it in the pile or the fermentation will not be evenly distributed. Care must be taken that no frozen material is put in the heap or fermentation will be slow and may greatly interfere with the operator's plans of an early sowing of seed.—Rural New Yorker.

Celery Storage.

Hotbeds and cold frames are quite satisfactory for storing celery. They may either be dug out deeper or have another set of boards on top to give the required height. The plants are set in the frame close together and then covered with boards lapped to shed rain. In very cold localities such frames are covered with sash, over which are mats covered with boards. Ventilation must be given on warm days by blocking up the sash. Celery is also stored satisfactorily in trenches, with the boards used in blanching nailed in V shape and placed over the top. If warm weather follows the troughs are blocked up to admit air. When frost comes a light furrow is thrown up along the boards and later manure is thrown over them, but this trench plan is usually adopted when the crop is to be sold early in the winter. Tops of celery should always be dry when it is stored, and some soil is lifted with the plants. It must be stored before hard freezing.

"GOING TO LAW."

When a written contract is made, do not allow the other party to carry it away. Have it made in duplicate, so that each party may keep a copy.

A rural carrier is required to travel his route in its entirety each day on which service is to be performed unless it is absolutely impossible for him to do so because of extraordinary weather or road conditions. Complaints of irregularities in the rural mail service when submitted to the postoffice bureau with all the facts in the case will receive careful consideration.

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This offer will hold good for only a short time. If you want to keep posted in politics and current events, subscribe now. Come, bring or send your subscriptions to this office.

The State Board has raised the franchise assessment of the L. & N. a million dollars above last year.

Describe Effects of
Strage New Liquid.

Persons Who Have Tested it Say
Rheumatic Pains Vanish, Appetite Grows and Indigestion Disappears
as if by Magic.

To the many local people who have followed the recent startling reports of strange cures that have been brought about by the use of the new Root Juice medicine, which has created so much excitement in Atlanta and other places, the following descriptions of its remarkable effect will be found most interesting.

Mr. Albert Timlick, of Cantrall, Ill., says regarding his experience: "My condition was such that I could not keep down a glass of water. I had suffered for two years and tried many kinds of medicines without benefit. I was almost dead one evening, when I sent for a bottle of the Root Juice and felt better as soon as I had taken three or four doses. I kept on using it and now I can keep anything on my stomach. Root Juice has done wonders for me."

Mr. D. P. Kerr, of Bellefontaine, O., tells the following story of his experience: "I was the victim of severe stomach and kidney trouble and grew weak, thin and nervous from the long and continuous suffering. My stomach was sore and painful. Most of the time I could not digest my food. I would get up in the morning with a headache and so weak I could scarcely

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"I spent many dollars for medicines and treatment but could not even get relief. When this new medicine, Root Juice, became known here, I was one of the first to get it. Before long I noticed an improvement. I am on my fourth bottle now and feel much better in every way. My appetite is good, I sleep well, I eat what I want and digest my food. The soreness has gone from my stomach and my kidneys no longer give me any trouble. I am free from headaches, am gaining in strength and have gained in weight."

Others who have used it for rheumatism say that its effect is marvelous and that after taking it a short time the pain and soreness vanish. The stiffness goes and the swelling soon disappears, the joints and limbs become limber and strong and the general health improves.

At any good, up-to-date drug store all persons interested can obtain full information regarding the juice treatment. Large three quarter-yint bottles cost only one dollar.

Col. Robert M. Kelley, 77, Union veteran, and long a prominent citizen of Louisville, died from grief over the death of his son.

U. G. HARDWICK, Pres. J. H. COCKE, V. Pres. R. H. DIETZMAN, Sec.

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to any point, by Parcels Post prepaid.

Any goods not satisfactory can be re-

turned by Parcel Post, if in seven days

after sent out

Woodson Lewis**THE DAIRYMAN.**

Clip the long hairs from the udder and flanks of the cow. Never allow any manure, mud or filth to remain upon the tail, flanks, udder or belly of the cow. If your bull is not of pure blood get rid of him and buy one that is.

Unless the weather is very bad all cows should have at least two hours' exercise in the open air.

There are some cattle that are no better in the dairy barn than are the weeds in the cornfield.

Keeping two cows to do the work of one is the cause of many losses in dairying.

TANKAGE FOR HOGS.

Fed With Discretion, It Is a Profitable Pork Producer.

A great many farmers are beginning to use tankage. I find it beneficial and in a large degree profitable where hogs are kept, writes H. W. Swope in the American Agriculturist. There isn't anything about good tankage or meat meal that is in any way injurious to hogs, whether young or old. Good tankage contains over 50 per cent protein, and for that reason it answers an important question in animal economy. It is a good feed to use with corn and highly palatable. It need not be fed in large quantities, and, especially when beginning to feed tankage, one part tankage to about ten parts of corn is a very satisfactory ration.

Tankage is animal matter from which the grease and oil have been extracted. This consists of meat scraps and bone from meat markets and packing houses picked up fresh in a large tank and thoroughly cooked at a high temperature. The grease is removed from the surface and tankage is then dried thoroughly, after which it is ground, screened and placed in bags for shipment. The high temperature employed in cooking destroys all disease germs that might be present. Tankage, therefore, all summed up is a pure, safe feed for hogs. It contains 8 to 10 per cent moisture, and in a good, dry place it can be kept for an indefinite period of time.

I have fed tankage to hogs of all ages for several years now and with excellent results in every case. With the high cost of feed a little tankage fed with the regular ration to the hogs each day will be found a good feed investment. The cost of feeding tankage seems to increase a trifle every year, but I am sure it will pay all who can use it to do so as long as the price is as reasonable as it is today, considering its protein contents compared with other feeds.

Tankage may be fed dry, either alone or with grain rations. I have found it very satisfactory in a thin slop. One stationer says that a ration made up of one part tankage and six or eight parts corn has proved to be the most satisfactory, and a greater gain per 100 pounds was secured in this manner of feeding.

A Quick Growing Pig.

I bought a Duroc Jersey pig on March 1, 1913. The pig was two and one-half months old and weighed twenty pounds, writes a Louisiana farmer in the Farm and Home.

The first month I fed one pint of chops mixed with the same amount of wheat shorts and half a gallon of swill three times a day. The second month I added one pint of chops and a quart of swill, making six pints of chops, three pints of shorts and nine quarts of swill per day. I fed the same amount of food up till May 10. Then I began feeding two pints of both chops and shorts and a gallon of swill three times per day. My pig stays in a Bermuda grass pasture all the time and has plenty of fresh water. The first two weeks my pig gained fifteen pounds. April 14 he weighed sixty pounds. April 29 he weighed ninety pounds, on July 11 he weighed 225 pounds, a gain of 205 pounds since the 1st of March; Aug. 20 Prince weighed 316 pounds and on Sept. 16 Prince was nine months old and weighed 391 pounds.

Cough Syrup For Cows.

Sometimes a dry, harsh cough is an obstinate condition to correct, but the following is a good, simple cough syrup that should be kept on hand for coughing cows: Simmer together over a slow fire two ounces oil of tar, three ounces extract of belladonna, three ounces sirup of squills, one pound granulated sugar, one-half pint water. Constantly stir while melting until it appears like a thick sirup. Give one tablespoonful on the tongue twice daily. You may judge the quantity in making by the number of cows to treat.

Shoe Boils.

The name shoe boil is a misnomer, an improper term for the condition. It is true that sometimes the shoe causes these enlargements, but more often it does not. The damage done to elbow is brought about by the animal attempting to rise when the fore feet are extended. The animal gives one violent lunge to get up, and the bruising is done when it pounds down just before the upward direction is taken. Having it removed by a competent man is the only sane and safe remedy.

Keep a Few Sheep.

Sheep raising was considered profitable under ordinary ranch conditions several years ago when both wool and mutton were cheaper than they are now. Why wouldn't it be profitable to keep a few sheep on a general farm where there is a good pasture?

THE IMAGE IN THE MIRROR

A Story For Allhallow Eve

By ADELAIDE BURNHAM

Edward Dix was a sportsman from the crown of his head to the tip of his great toe. One October evening, when he had been hunting in the woods all day, he came to a little lake nestling among the hills, its surface covered with fallen leaves of every color from the lightest yellow hue to the deepest crimson. And looking down a valley he saw a landscape that filled him with delight.

"What a place for a summer cottage!" he exclaimed. "Some day I'm going to build one here."

And he did. Now, I'm going to tell you how he came to carry out what was but a thought.

Looking to his right, he saw the deep red of a brick chimney against brown limbs of trees. He knew that where there was a chimney there must be a house and started to go and make an investigation. He came upon a very pretty cottage, with a broad piazza around it, a Queen Anne roof and dainty windows.

"And I'm jinged if I don't build a match to that," he added to his first assertion.

There was not a living thing in or near the cottage, and it was evident that it was intended only for summer use. Mr. Dix went up on the piazza and looked into the living room through a window. The apartment contained cottage furniture, but the chief attraction was a large fireplace.

"I've a good mind to sleep there to-night," he said to himself and tried the window to see if it were securely locked.

It was, but Mr. Dix hunted for a place of ingress as energetically as he had hunted for game and found one by getting on the piazza roof—a window not well secured. Going downstairs, he opened a door from the inside, admitting him to the wood house, and in a few minutes had a fire blazing on the hearth. Then he settled himself down in an easy chair before it, and, looking at his reflection in a mirror on the mantel opposite him, he remarked:

"Your comfort is only equaled by your assurance."

And straightway he fell asleep.

Now, it happened that this was Halloween, and a party of girls were coming to spend it at this very cottage. Flora Stebbins, a daughter of the owner, was the hostess, and the others were her guests. Mr. Dix went to sleep about dark, which comes early at the last of October, and the young ladies arrived about 8 o'clock.

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Stebbins. "There's some kind of a light inside. It looks as if there were a fire on the hearth. Wait a minute till I reconnoiter." She went to a window and saw the slumbering Mr. Dix sitting before a fire that was still blazing merrily. She beckoned to the others. They came and saw the same sight.

"Girls," said Flora, "there is the best chance to celebrate Allhallow eve I ever heard of. Let one of us go in stealthily, make just enough sound to waken him so that he'll see her reflection in the mirror on the mantel and get away before he can catch her."

The idea was eagerly caught upon, and Flora was urged to play the part. The others returned to the vehicle that had brought them and waited for the play to be over and her to join them in a retreat.

Mr. Dix was awakened by the falling of some article behind him and, opening his eyes, saw a girl's face reflected in a mirror before him. But only for an instant. If he had been wide awake he would doubtless have arisen from his chair immediately and made an investigation. As it was, he delayed just long enough to allow the conspirators to make good their escape. He did not even hear the sound of wheels, for the carriage had gone far enough to prevent that. Flora getting into it near the gate.

When Mr. Dix got fairly around he did what he would have been expected to do. He went to the hall and out through the front door. He encountered nothing, and all he heard was a distant sound of laughter, but so distant that he was not sure whether it was or was not laughter. He was very much puzzled.

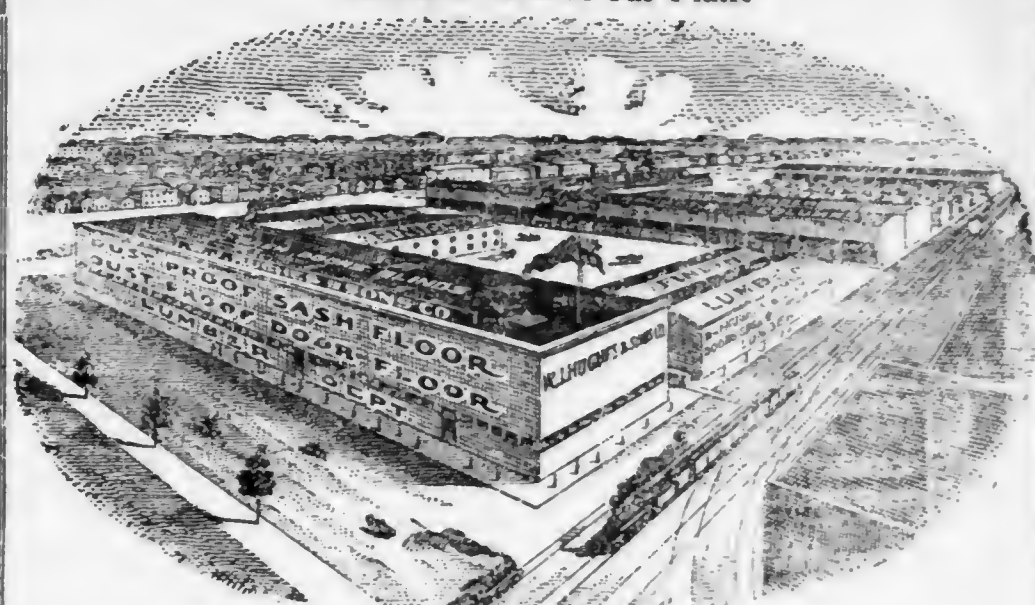
Mr. Dix had a job of hunting on his hands far different from following up game. He was a methodical chap and began by learning to whom the cottage belonged. Then he went to the winter residence of its owner ostensibly to peddle books. He could not be driven away until he had caught sight of Flora Stebbins, whom he at once recognized as the reality of the image he had seen in the mirror on Allhallow eve. She recognized him, but pretended ignorance of him.

"You are my fate," he said. "I saw your face in a mirror on what I have since learned was Allhallow eve. It will be useless for you to attempt to escape the husband that—"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, blushing very red. "It was you who saw my face in the glass, not I who saw yours. Allhallow eve does not count for men."

But it did count, for then and there, or rather on Allhallow eve, commenced a courtship which ended, if it ended at all, with marriage. And when it became evident that the Dix family needed a summer cottage of their own Edward Dix built an exact replica of the one owned by his father-in-law. But one article of furniture that was in the latter has been removed to the former—the looking glass in which Mr. Dix's fate was revealed to him.

Birdseye view of our Plant



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The observatory building is constructed of canvas, the sides being set in the form of tiers of steeply overlapping eaves. This arrangement is calculated to allow for perfect ventilation and is re-enforced by a vertical wall of canvas, which can be raised or lowered at will to obtain an even temperature.

The peculiar arrangement of mirrors that replaces the familiar telescope is the center around which all interest in the observatory revolves. These mirrors are constructed at the Yerkes observatory and are the finest products of the optician's manufacturing skill. The enlarging mirror, which is supported by a pier of stone at the farther end of the building, is of concave glass four inches thick, and the scientists tell us it is of twenty-four inch aperture by sixty foot focus.

The glass is polished ever so often with jewelers' rouge upon pads of chamolite skin and is burnished every week or ten days, in order to remove all possible dust. In addition a galvanized cover is kept over it when it is not in use.—Christian Herald.

Frolics of Ivan the Terrible.

Ivan the Terrible, among his many insane freaks, would let loose wild bears in the streets of his capital and placidly say his prayers while watching the slaughter of his people, "flinging a few coins to the mutilated survivors as he rose from his knees." He would compel parents to slay their children, and children to kill one another; and if there was a survivor "the amiable monarch" would dispatch him with his own hands, shrieking with laughter at so excellent a joke.

In one of his lighter moods of frolic he commanded the citizens of Moscow to "provide for him a measure full of hens for a medicine," and fined them 7,000 roubles when they failed.

Why Married Men Live Long.

The reason a married man lives longer than a single man is because the single man leads a selfish existence. A married man can double his pleasures. Any time he has a streak of good luck it tickles him all over, but it makes him feel twice as good when he tells his wife about it. And she is so pleased and proud that he feels like a two-year-old. There isn't a chance in the world of a man's arteries hardening or his heart weakening when he can get a million dollars' worth of pleasure out of making his wife happy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Thorough.

"Why don't you try to make your constituents understand problems of government?"

"That's what I have done," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have been too thorough about it. A lot of them now think that they can give advice instead of taking it."—Washington Star.

Fearfully Foxy.

"I work a foxy scheme on my boy. He'd rather wash the dishes than wash his hands, so I let him wash the dishes."

"What's the foxy part?"
 "Why, he gets his hands clean."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As a bachelor, he must live a more or less lonely life.

As a husband, he would have a comrade and companionship.

As a boarder, as he had been for years and was yet, he knew nothing whatever of the comforts of a home.

It was hoped he would give the subject all due consideration and, in case he decided to enter the bonds of matrimony, might be taken to the altar as a bride as a good man deserved.

"By thunder, but that's a darn good woman, whoever she is!" exclaimed Abraham as he read the letter.

After ten minutes he read it again and mused:

"Who can it be? Who can it be?"

"Say, old man, you must have heard some bad news," was the greeting he got from a dozen friends in the next three days.

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, your face is as long as a camel's, and you were going right past without speaking."

It was almost a week before another letter came. Same handwriting—same womanly interest in his welfare.

"And has it ever occurred to you," was one of the paragraphs in the letter, "that a man situated as you are is selfish not to marry? It would relieve at least one woman from her cares and struggles. It would add one more household to the many."

"By John, but I'd propose to that woman in a holy minute if I knew who she was!" exclaimed Abraham, and when he reflected that he didn't know and had no way of finding out he wanted to kick over chairs and call his dog names.

Five hundred people a day called at the postoffice. How could they all be watched?

Abraham had no intimate man friend to go to with the letters.

He had a strong admiration and liking for the woman, no matter whether she was an old maid or a widow, but how was she to know it? How was he to find her and tell her so?

The old bach received a fourth letter and then a plan popped into his head. The postmistress had held her position for five years. She must know the handwriting of scores and scores of women. Why hadn't he thought of it before?

At midforenoon Abraham left his mill and walked to the postoffice and entered with firm step and handed one of the envelopes to the postmistress at the general delivery window and asked:

"Can you tell me, please, if you recognize that hand?"

"Um, um, ah-um!" she stammered as a blush came to her cheek.

"Say, by cracky, Mrs. Dayton, you are a widder!" almost shouted the man.

"Y-yes."

"Drat me, but it never occurred to me!"

"N-no."

"I'll come in this evening and we'll set a date for the marriage!"

"But, Mr. Gunner—"

But he called and the date was set, and there was no postponement on account of the weather or anything else.

THE ADAIR COUNTY NEWS

Published Every Wednesday

BY THE

Adair County News Company.

(INCORPORATED.)

CHAS. S. HARRIS EDITOR.

Democratic newspaper devoted to the interest of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair and adjacent counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class mail matter.

WED. JAN. 7, 1914

A THREE-CORNERED FIGHT.

"The probability is that the contest for Judge of the Court of Appeals in the Third Appellate District will be a three-cornered fight. Judge J. P. Hobson, of this city, and Judge Rollin Hurt, of Columbia, have already announced their candidacy, and it is now announced that Judge Samuel E. Jones, of Glasgow, Circuit Judge of the "Shoe String District," will announce shortly after January 1. The race according to the views of the politicians in the State will be between Judge Hobson and Judge Jones."

The above statement appeared in the Elizabethtown News and copied into the Glasgow Times, certainly was not made by a canvasser of this appellate district but, if it was we wouldn't give a buffalo nickle for the judgment of the investigator. It is our duty, and is also a pleasure, to inform the Elizabethtown News that when the battle is over there will be another tale to tell. There are not only two good men seeking the nomination but THREE. There are not only two deserving and thoroughly competent men in the race, but THREE. They are all men known and admired by the Democrats of this district, but when the real tug of war is on, when they will present their claims and make their pleas for the nomination, we have no hesitancy in stating that The Adair county man will not be entirely eliminated. Judge Jones is an able man, and has many enthusiastic friends, Judge Hobson likewise is similarly blessed, but no man in the district has more friends than Rollin Hurt. He is a lawyer you can't fail to appreciate, a man you can't help but like and a Democrat you are bound to love. It can't be merely a race between the two designated by The News, except it be for second place. Furthermore, be it known that Elizabethtown is Judge Hobson's home, that Glasgow is Judge Jones' home, and that Columbia is Judge Hurt's home.

A dispatch from Presidio, Texas, dated January the 1st, states that a battle at Ojinaga, Mex., between the Northern division of the Federal army and rebels continued this morning after having been in progress all night. Between 500 and 600 Federals had already been killed and the wounded will be far in excess of that number. Horrifying sights were witnessed on the American side before daylight. The wounded soldiers with shattered arms, legs shot off and injuries that later proved fatal, struggled through the river and pleaded with the American soldiers for help.

The big ditch is nearly completed. It will be in condition to pass vessels all the way across the isthmus in about seventy days.

"Happy John" Hendrickson and members of his clan were not in the mine when the soldiers entered. They are now supposed to be in hiding in Clay county. It is also reported that friends of the outlaws were in Barboursville a few days ago, negotiating for terms of surrender.

Judge Charles R. McDowell, of Danville, has tendered his resignation to Attorney General Garnett, as attorney for the State Insurance Commission. The resignation will take effect April 1st. Ill health is given as the cause of Judge McDowell's action.

The Kentucky Legislature convened Monday.

Rowes X Roads.

Well, Christmas has come and gone again. It was the driest Christmas I ever saw. No drinking, no trouble at all. All at peace up in this town. I have stayed at home a week looking for some body to come to get me to marry them. They haven't come yet. What's the matter? Times too hard I guess.

Bob Aaron is in very bad health. His lungs are hurting him.

Bill Cook has had all of his children, his son-in-laws and grandchildren in on him for Christmas. If the weather don't get better pretty soon they will eat him out of house and home. They have a big oyster supper every night. I got into that myself.

Liz Selby has had more Christmas than anybody that I have heard of. She has found three babies—one at Clarence Selby's, one at Finis Kelsey's and one at Robert Leaches'. It was not much of a Christmas for babies either.

Oliver Hadley, wife and baby spent the holidays in Burdowntown. Hope they got a full supply.

Mrs. Em. Bradley is here visiting at her farm. She sold her rent corn this week for \$3.50 per barrel.

Gordon Reece's wife died Friday with consumption.

Gill Jesse, wife and children, of Red Lick, were here last week to visit her mother, Josie Bibee, and her grandpa, your scribe.

January the 1st was old uncle John Cundiff's 78th birthday. His sister, Mary Ann Kearns, and his friends gave him a birthday dinner. There were 23 who took dinner with them. Some old woman who wants to marry ought to hunt uncle John up. He has been batching for 12 years. His life is lonely. I am sorry for him.

Well, it is snowing so hard I will ring off.

Knifley.

The health of this section is very good at this time.

The weather has been very warm up to this time. Very little weather suitable to save meat.

Mr. Talmage Knifley, who got his leg broken some time ago, has about recovered.

Mr. J. W. Absher has moved from Egypt, to his farm, near Knifley.

Mr. Harry Jones and a Miss Sanders, of Pellyton, and Mr. Chas. Jones and Miss Willie Bow-

en, of Acton, Taylor, Co., were married during Christmas week.

Messrs. W. J. Bottom and son, Ose, and their families and Sam are in from Illinois.

Christmas passed off quietly, although there was the usual amount of "Booze."

Born, to the wife of C. E. Walker, Dec., 25, a girl. Mother and baby doing well.

Born, to the wife of Wm. Goodin, Dec., 8, a girl. Both doing fine.

Mr. Jake Chelf has sold his farm to a Mr. Holtsclaw. We failed to learn the price.

Rev. C. F. Allen spent Christmas in this section and preached at Parnell church, the 25th, and following Sunday.

The river will soon cut off travel from here to the county seat.

T. J. McDermotts family has the measles.

There is plenty of water for grinding corn. It is quite a convenience to the people of Plum-point.

It is reported that Jesse Sapp has bought B. V. Hovious' store and is now located there.

Mr. Wm. Gribbins, of Taylor, Co., was in this section buying stock, a few days of last week.

Mr. A. C. Wheeler and Mrs. C. M. Bault visited Mrs. J. W. Absher on Monday after Christmas.

It is reported that Virgil Knifley and family will move to Ill., in the near future to make it their home.

Quite a number of farms are being sold in this section to men from N. C. and Va.

To look at the list of claims, one would draw the conclusion that every person in the county was a pauper.

We call the attention of the public to the amount of money that has been paid to our road officers, then note the amount of work that has been done on our road.

Mr. T. C. Faulkner was in this section surveying some land for Monday Bros.

Mr. Kirby Simpson and family visited Mr. S. H. Knifley a few days last week.

Loretta, Ky.

Editor News:

Please allow me space to write a short letter, as this is New Year morning and I feel that I would like for many of my little friends to know how I had spent the last Christmas; as Santa Claus was exceedingly good to me. He brought me many nice presents, some valuable ones, besides a lot of nice toys, nice treat and a good time.

My school closed the 16th, of December. I received a prize for neatness, and was promoted to the fourth grade. The best of all my sister and her husband came home from Cincinnati to spend Christmas with us. They brought me many nice presents.

We had a Christmas tree at the church and I received several presents on it.

I will ring off hoping that this may not go to the waste basket, and wishing one and all a happy and prosperous New Year.

From a little Adair county girl. Tavia Hatcher.

Ozark.

Christmas passed off quietly here, not a case of drunkenness that we know of.

Born, the wife of Jesse Bryant Dec. 27th, a girl, Eula.

Mr. Talbert Conover is very sick at the home of E. A. McKinley.

Mr. Porter A. Murrell and family, of Champaign, Ill., are visiting relatives here.

Mr. Carlie Combest and family spent the holidays with relatives and friends here.

Mr. Mont Conover, wife and children visited Mr. Sam Conover and family, of near Garlin, last Saturday and Sunday.

Prof. Albert Bryant, a leading teacher of Adair county, has opened a school at this place. He will instruct a class in normal work.

Mr. Velmer Aaron closed his school at this place Monday before Christmas. He made many friends during his six months stay among us, and returned to his home at Glenville carrying the best wishes of every body.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Roy visited the family of James Turpen last Sunday.

Misses Etta and Lula Bryant were guests of Mrs. Maupin last Friday.

Mrs. Mary Grider visited Mrs. Callie Bryant last Sunday.

The first day of 1914 has come and many have resolved to live better. Let us not think lightly of these good resolutions, but let us apply the Golden Rule to our every-day life, and let us daily remember that the best way to get happiness is by giving it to others. There is always something we can do, if it be only to speak a word of cheer to some unfortunate one. We can not tell what is in store for us this year. But let us trust God for strength to bear our burdens.

So wishing our good editor, the News force and every reader a happy New Year, I close with love to all and malace towards none.

Sano.

Christmas passed off quietly in this town.

A number of the boys of this section who have been West during the past season, have returned home to spend the holidays.

Mr. George Cravens, who is possibly known in every state in the Union, is visiting friends in this part.

Willie McQuary was married to a Miss Rexroat a few days ago.

P. M. Roberts has installed a new crusher to his grist mill at Tarter.

Mr. Sam Gaskin closed his school at this place last Friday week, with appropriate exercises.

Virtes Grant and Lennie Wheat visited friends and relatives at Absher last week.

The protracted meeting which was conducted on Russell creek near Russell Springs, by the Rev. J. S. Foley and Richard Harmon, has been closed with good success.

Mr. John T. White and Miss Maggie Rubarts were united in marriage last Monday.

Craycraft.

Your correspondent has been quite busy going to school for the past six months consequently you have had but few letters from Craycraft.

We are glad to report the health of our community better than we have known it in quite awhile.

The holidays passed off quietly here. The leading sport among the boys was hunting, but fortunately no one was hurt.

Jessie L. Murrell preached an interesting sermon at Clearspring on Christmas Sunday to an appreciative audience. Jessie is a fine young man and we wish him much success in his attempt to prepare himself for the ministry.

Mr. Porter Murrell and family, who have been in Illinois for several years, are here now on a visit to see relatives and friends. We always have a warm welcome for the return of old neighbors and friends.

Mr. James Hayes will teach a winter school at Concord.

Prof. Hatfield, of Jabez, and Miss Mary Hadley, of Russell Springs, were visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. Myrtle Blair during Christmas.

Miss Ethel White, of Roley, is visiting relatives and friends here now.

Mr. Elijah Bryant and son, Forest, have about completed a new barn.

Mr. Elisha Kimbler sold one fat hog this week at 9 cts. per lb.

Our farmers have all sold and delivered their tobacco at fair prices. They seem very much encouraged with the prices received, and the talk is; larger crops for 1914.

We gladly welcome Mr. J. P. Conover and his estimable wife and bright children who have so recently moved into our community.

Mr. B. G. Burress and Bascom Polley were visiting friends at Montpelier last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Richard are having their share of company today as five or six different families are visiting there.

From Missouri.

Hale, Dec., 29, 1913.

Editor News:

I see so many letters in the News from different parts of the country written by persons from Kentucky I thought I would write some. I enjoy reading those letters. Jessie Murrell and J. Q. Montgomery were school mates of mine and of course others all of whom I love. Boys, lets take off our hats to Jesse and Jo and think of the good they have done bidding them God's speed. To the younger boys, if any of you ever come here that have carried revolvers, leave the gun at home. The law will protect you and citizens will respect you.

It is true some of our boys have met tragic ends in the west I fear the course was acquired at the old home. Now, the old year is almost gone we don't know what the new will bring.

The summer of 1913 was dry and hot here. The corn was light. I buy what corn I use at 75 cts. a bu. Stock of all kind sell well. Some report their

1914

A Happy New Year.

With good Will and best Wishes to all.

Health, Happiness and Prosperity in full measure.

To serve you better during the coming year is our purpose.

We thank you for past favors.

MURRAY BALL

mule sales the best they ever made. There has been plenty of rain since September. We have had white Xmas.

We have regular preaching and Sunday school. A man by the name of Gideons, who went six years to McGarvey's Bible school, and is a graduate of Yale preached for us this year. A man named Gidden, who went to school at Columbia, under Bro. Azbill, has preached some for our church. He married a daughter of uncle Nick Robinson in the way of enterprise I think a railroad would be the greatest boom that country ever had. R. R. helps in so many ways. That country has lost enough in good timber and other ways to have built a road years ago. But it is not worth while to grieve after spilled milk.

S. M. Evans.

Russell County Items.

The following items from various parts of Russell county have been gathered from various sources:

Mrs. Myrtle Armstrong, of Cleveland, Oklahoma, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Phelps, Esto.

Mr. Luther Bernard, the recently elected county court clerk of Russell, has removed to Jamestown, and has taken charge of the office.

Near, Elier, a few days ago, Miss Julia M. Ford was married to Mr. Silas Wooldrige.

An infant child of John L. Sullivan, who lives near Pleasant Hill, died the week before Christmas.

"Doodle" Sullivan, of Jamestown, has entered school at Bowling Green. He will take a business course.

Hon. Lilburn Phelps, representative elect, and Senator Robert Antle, elect, have gone to Frankfort for the winter.

A number of Russell county pupils left for the Lindsey-Wilson the last of the week. Russell is doing her part toward the well-known institution.

Mr. Alvin Bell, who lived at Kendall, died a few days ago.

For Sale, Privately.

A 300 acre farm at Phil, Casey county, Kentucky, 22 miles from the Q. & C. Railroad, on a good pike road. 150 acres is good bottom land and in a high state of cultivation. 150 in woodland, and most of it is good ridge land, and will grow tobacco or any other crop. There are 2 new modern residences, 3 barns, 3 tenant houses, shop, a new 2-story building just completed, and one of the best stands for General Store in Southern Kentucky. Spoke factory, Planing mill, and Woolen mill near by.

Terms to suit purchaser.

9-46 J. F. Gadberry, Phil, Ky.

I will pay the highest market price for corn and wheat delivered at my exchange, Columbia, Ky.

7-1 mo. G. B. Smith.

Personals.

Attorney General James Garnett was here two days of last week, meeting friends and looking after his business matters.

Dr. O. P. Miller started on his return trip to Knoxville, Thursday morning.

Miss Lora Beard, Messrs. Owen Tupman, T. Williams and Robert Cundiff were pleasant visitors at the home of J. A. Breeding, Monday during X-mas.

Mr. A. C. Hill, of Glasgow, was here a few days ago.

Mr. G. W. Ashbrook, Russell Springs, was here one day last week.

Mr. Stanton Cain and family, of Russell Springs, were at the Hancock Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. B. C. Diddle returned to Lexington the first of the week.

Mr. Ernest Harris returned to Georgetown Monday.

Dr. T. A. Jones and family, who visited the parents of the doctor several weeks, left for Chicago, Ill., Saturday.

Messrs. Alfred and Chesly Jones are at home, on a visit.

Miss Stella Conover, who teaches in Wheeling, West Va., and who has been visiting her parents, left Saturday on her return trip.

Mr. Oscar McBeath, who spent last week in Columbi, left for Bardstown Monday where he will be located for some time.

Hon. Lilburn Phelps, Representative from Russell and Casey counties, was in Columbia last Thursday night, en route to Frankfort.

Miss Estelle Willis, one of Adair county's best young women, and a very efficient teacher, left Saturday morning for Canorchee, Ga., where she will be engaged in school work for the next six months. Her home friends trust that she may be blessed with good health during her absence.

Senator Robert Antle passed through Columbia Saturday, en route to Frankfort.

Miss Ethel Crockett, after spending a week very pleasantly with Mrs. Ray Montgomery and other friends, started, Monday morning, for her home, Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Edgar Royse and Mr. G. W. Turner, of this county, two of our worthy young men who are preparing to teach, left last Sunday for the State Normal in Bowling Green.

Miss Zella Pelley returned to Greensburg Saturday after spending two weeks with her parents here.

Mr. Tom Judd, James Holladay and Miss Lois Holladay returned to Georgetown Monday.

Mr. W. F. Sanders, who visited his son at Bluff City, Kansas, returned home last Monday. He found his son in good health and doing well.

Rev. F. A. Hamilton, wife and children, returned from Marrowbone and Louisville last Saturday afternoon.

Dr. R. A. Jones, Cincinnati, was here the latter part of last week.

Ernest Harris returned to Georgetown Monday.

Mr. Paul Hughes returned to Danville the first of the week.

Mr. Cyrus Williams was here from Glasgow the first of the week.

Misses Nave, King, Parleigh and Clark returned from their respective homes in time to resume their school work Monday morning.

Miss Leonora Lowe, left, Monday morning, on her return trip to Danville.

Mr. H. T. Baker returned Saturday after spending a few days in Louisville.

Mr. Romie Judd and Miss Lillie Judd left for their respective schools last week.

Miss Jennie Garnett returned to Williamsburg Monday. She was accompanied by Misses Allie and Opal Garnett, daughters of Mr. Will Garnett, who will enter school at that place.

Mr. J. W. Morrison has returned from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Parks and Mr. W. D. Frazier, Fayette, Alabama.

Judge Rollin Hurt is attending Circuit Court at Munfordville.

Additional Locals.

Births.

Born, to the wife of Wm. Franklin, Dec., 29, a son.

Born, to the wife of Otis Lewis, Jan., 3, a son.

Born, to the wife of Melvin Cravens, Dec., 25, a son.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

ADAIR CIRCUIT COURT

OF KENTUCKY.

Catherine Acree, Plff. v. Dr. Woodruff Flowers & Co. Defts.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of Adair Circuit Court, rendered at the September term, thereof, 1913, in the above cause, for the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars with the interest at the rate of six per cent, per annum from the 23rd day of September, 1913, until paid, and \$38.30 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Columbia, Ky., to the highest bidder, at public auction, on Monday, the 19th day of January, 1914, at one o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, (being county court) upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in Adair county, Ky., on the waters of Clifty, a branch of Russell's creek containing 150 acres more or less and known as the Greene Acree farm, subject to the dower rights of the widow of said Greene Acree. Said land is bounded as follows: Beginning at two poplars corner to James Moody's military survey, thence with his line S. 29, E. 36 poles to a buckeye and poplar in said line, thence N. 61, E. 80 poles to a maple, whiteoak and dogwood, thence N. 29, W. 281 poles to a hickory, poplar and gum, thence S. 61, W. 166 poles to a poplar and dogwood, thence S. 29, E. 145 poles to a white oak and two gums in said Moody's line, thence with said line N. 51, E. 86 poles to the beginning. Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made, off the east end of said tract of land. For the purchase price, the purchaser, with approved surety or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. W. A. Coffey, Master Commissioner.

Now is Your Chance.

During the months of December, January and February we will furnish the daily Courier-Journal and the Adair County News one year each, for \$4.00. This offer is made to people who do not get their mail at the Columbia Post Office. Mr. J. W. Flowers, who is the local agent, will take subscriptions for the Courier-Journal at \$3.00 per year for the home people during these months.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

ADAIR CIRCUIT COURT

OF KENTUCKY.

Farmers Bank Plff. v. E. C. Curry & Co. Defs.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of Adair Circuit Court, rendered at the January term, thereof, 1913, in the above cause, for the sum of fifty-eight dollars and 19 cents with the interest at the rate of six percent, per annum from the 28th day of January, 1913, until paid, and \$37.45 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Columbia, Ky., to the highest bidder, public auction, on Monday the 19th day of January, 1914, at one o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, (being county court) upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in Adair county, Ky., and bounded as follows: Beginning in the line of T. I. Smith at the root of a beech tree on the west side of the Greensburg road, and running direct to a stone in the E. J. Smith line now owned by Walter Smith, thence with said Greensburg road to a stone in the line of Garnett Smith and Waller Smith thence to the beginning, containing two acres, more or less.

For the purchase price, the purchaser, with approved surety or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. W. A. Coffey, Master Commissioner.

Oh, So Cold.

Well, that's the reason you ought to buy a pair of our big Woolen Blankets—worth \$7.00, size, 76x88, weight 7 pounds. Now, just send only \$4.75 and we will at once mail you a pair. Use them one week, and if not satisfactory, wrap them nicely and return, and we will at once return the full amount including all mail charges and you are not out a cent. Send us your order for coverlets, flannels, yarn, hosiery, etc., at lowest factory prices. Address Farmers Woolen Mills, Jamestown, Ky.

For Sale.

I have three Poland China boars which I will sell.

Joe Harris, Columbia, Ky.

Local Market.

To-day.

Eggs.....	23
Hens.....	9
Chickens.....	8
Cocks.....	4
Turkeys.....	00
Geese.....	7
Ducks.....	9
Wool spring clipping.....	18
Hides (green).....	15
Feathers.....	40
Ginseng.....	6 60
Beeswax.....	25
Yellow Root.....	2 75
May Apple (per lb).....	2

Wanted.

Ten carpenters, at once. Apply to J. C. Miller, Columbia, Ky.

If you want to buy, sell or exchange property or second hand machinery of any kind, write me giving full description and price. I work on 5 per cent commission. I hunt the buyers. I want the sellers.

W. E. Stapp, Columbia Ky.

3-St. Call at my exchange, Columbia, for meal, flour and ship-stuff. 7-1 mo. G. B. Smith.

Edith.

The weather has been cold during the holidays.

The old year of 1913 has past and gone. We have fought our fight in the old year and the victory is still to be won in the year's to come.

Miss Anna Campbell was the pleasant guest of Miss Fannie Evans last Wednesday night.

Miss Mollie White, of Neatsburg, visited her niece, Mrs. Minnie Harmon, of this place, several days of last week.

Mr. John Corneal was in Campbellsville last Monday.

Mr. Willie Evans spent several days of Xmas. with friends near Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jo Jones, of Pellyton, spent last Saturday with Mrs. Valeria Campbell.

Mrs. Sarah Roy and daughter, Batsey, left for the L. W. T. S. last Monday where her daughter will enter college.

Miss Lola Beard and Mr. Robert Cundiff visited the Misses Breedings near Craycraft last Sunday.

Misses Annie and Lula Royse and Messrs. Willie Collins and W. F. Allison, of Columbia, visited Misses Evans during the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Jones, of Taylor, Co., visited relatives in this part several days of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rubarts spent last Monday night with Mrs. I. C. Harmon.

Miss Fannie Evans, who has been very sick, is better.

Mr. L. T. Williams visited friends in Columbia from last Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jones visited Mr. J. R. Sanders last Tuesday night.

Miss Bonnie Neal and brother, Finis, entered the L. W. T. S. this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Harmon and daughter, Clarice, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ray Williams last Sunday.

Mr. J. L. Hatfield will soon begin a winter school at Tabernacle.

Miss Minnie Kate Tupman and Mr. Roy Reynolds, of Garlin, visited relatives and friends in this neighborhood several days of the holidays.

Miss Laura Workman visited Miss Anna Campbell last Tuesday night.

Mr. John Doe.

Columbia, Kentucky, December, 17, 1913.

In Account With

The Jeffries Hardware Store

Dec. 17 To Balance Acct. to date

\$13 47

If you owe us a Due Note or Account, your name is JOHN DOE.

Please call and settle at once.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Knifley spent last Monday with Mr. J. G. Knifley and family.

Mr. Charlie Williams and wife and son, Lilburn, were the pleasant guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Overstreet, of Speck.

Miss Cora Corneal and Mr. Oscar Sinclair drove to the home of Rev. Mackley, near Mt. Zion, and were quietly married last Sunday afternoon. The bride is a young woman who has many friends and loved by all who know her, and at social gathering makes every body feel perfectly contented. She is old enough, twenty-four, to know the responsibilities of the step she has taken and there is no doubt but she will make a most loving and devoted companion. The groom is a well educated farmer and is highly respected by all who know him. They have the best wishes of their many friends. For the present they will reside at Pellyton, this county, where Mr. Sinclair is engaged in farming.

A Prayer for 1914.

(RUTH CAMERON IN LOUISVILLE TIMES.)

To-day is New Year's day.

The year nineteen-thirteen has slipped away from us; its records are written; its book is closed; and not all our piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all our tears wash out a word of it.

May we write in this new book of opportunity whatever we would write in the closed book if we could reopen it, and leave unwritten in the new all we would erase from the old.

Out of the mud and decay the plants and flowers draw life and loveliness; help us in this new year to transmute the mud and scum of things about us into gracious living; to learn a passion for justice from injustice, sympathy from suffering, kindness from the unkind, and patience and control from him who lacks it.

Giver of the New Year, we hate the thoughts of envy and jealousy that so often unbidden well up within us when we hear of other men's successes. Help us this year to try harder than ever before to drive these ugly and unworthy things out of our hearts and fill them so full of generous and happy thoughts that there may be no room for envy and jealousy to return.

Help us to respect our brain and brawn and soul; to remember that no one of these three should be neglected, and to make a renewed effort in the coming year to feed them and care for them and to use them to their highest possibilities.

Help us to remember that "things" are not the sum of happiness; help us to know more fully this year than ever before the happiness that comes from

Herman C. Tafel

236 W. Jefferson, St.,
Louisville, Ky.

All Things Electrical

Write for
Wireless Telegraph Pamphlet

Telegraph Inst. "

Telephone "

Medical Battery "

Electric Light "

Linemen Tools and Line Material

SIX FEET OF THIS EARTH MAKES US ALL OF ONE SIZE.

(By Robert Lee Campbell.)

There is an infant born that died,
It's soul goes straight to paradise;
It's life was short, it's mission's done
And it a crown in heaven hath won.
The Lord's decree thou body learn,
"Of dust thou art to dust return;"
And then we hear the infant's cries:
"Six feet of this earth make us all of one size."

There is a man like Lazarus poor,
And thus he is no evil doer;
'Tis he who knows the Lord hath said:
'In sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;"
His treasure's thus in heaven's vault,
Secure from rust and thief and moth;
And when at last this poor man dies
"Six feet of this earth makes us all of one size."

There is another rich from birth
Who knows no toil upon this earth;
His hands are soft and fear the cold,
The laborer's tools they ne'er did hold;
His wealth is vain and worse than dross,
It must be hid from thief and moth,
And when at last this rich man dies
"Six feet of this earth makes us all of one size."

Another man did God create
Whom all the world do now call great;
This man some great success hath won
But his praise will end when this life is done.
For here we know we cannot stay
And this great man must pass away;
And when he's dead we hear the cries:
"Six feet of this earth makes us all of one size."

Another man so stingy is
He'll take that which is none of his;
For worldly goods dost this man crave
But soon or late he will find the grave;
And then his goods will all go by
And in distress this man will cry:
He'll find like all the rest that dies
"Six feet of this earth makes us all of one size."

And yet another good and wise
Is willing thus to sacrifice,
To heal a wound to dry a tear
And do something good while he is here.
Although his fame is not so broad
He's known as one who serves the Lord;
He dies at last and heaven sighs:
"Six feet of the earth makes us all of one size."

So now kind friends do His command
And do what good on earth you can;
Obey the laws that he hath given
And trust your all to one in heaven.
This life is short, improve it well,
For when you'll die there's no one can tell,
And then you know when all men dies
Six feet of earth makes us all of size.

simple pleasures and big interests, from sunshine and from service, from friendship and from beauty, from labor and from love.

And lastly, Giver of the New Year, help us to be kind. Help us to be happy and to make others so. Help us from day to day, from hour to hour, to be patient and considerate housemates. And when this year too has slipped

away, and we close the book once more, may we not have the memory of needless pain and unhappiness inflicted upon those we love best, to regret.

Once more we ask, as we asked before: Help us to cultivate with new patience that humble and yet crucial accomplishment—the fine art of being good to live with.

His Blunder

By GREGORY GIBSON

Woolcott during the summer met Miss Martindale and did a lot of spooning, with the usual result. However, the affair was not brought to a finish, and Woolcott was obliged to take a thousand mile trip for the purpose of making a proposition. He was preparing to do so when the lady wrote him that she would be at M. short and would be happy to receive him there. Since M. was some 300 miles nearer than her residence, Woolcott concluded to see her there instead.

Miss Martindale wrote that she would be at the Cliffs, meaning that she would visit a family of that name. Woolcott took this to mean that she would stop at a hotel. On alighting at the station he asked a man who was in a hurry where he could find the Cliffs. The man pointed to a hand some house on a hill near by. He found the baggage agent and, pointing to the house, told him to send his trunk there; then he set off to walk the distance. On arriving he opened the front door, entered a spacious hallway and saw a gentleman reading a newspaper before an open fireplace.

"The Cliffs, I believe?" said Woolcott. The gentleman looked up at him over a pair of glasses, somewhat surprised, and replied in the affirmative. "Are you the landlord?" asked Woolcott.

A twinkle came into the gentleman's eye, and he replied that he was the proprietor.

"I would like a room in your house for a few days," continued the traveler. "Have you a young lady staying with you of the name of Martindale?"

A light seemed to break in upon the gentleman's brain. "Miss Florence Martindale? Certainly. She arrived a few days ago. But she's out in an auto just now. She will not return till late tonight. Be seated and I'll call a servant to show you to a room."

Howard Cliff, banker, entertaining a few friends at his country residence, had sent them off in his car, remaining at home himself. He went himself for the butler, instead of ringing for him, to tell him to show a gentleman to his room who supposed he was in a hotel and who was not to be told he was in a private house. Then Mr. Cliff returned to the guest, followed by the butler, who took him upstairs. While Woolcott was making a toilet his baggage arrived and was sent up to him. When he came downstairs he found Mr. Cliff in the library.

"We have very few guests at present," said the supposed landlord. "You see, ours is a summer house, and we shall close up for the winter within a few days or a week. It depends upon how long I can keep those who are now with me. You will have to dine alone, for all have gone on the auto party."

"I don't like that," said Woolcott. "If you are alone may we not dine together?"

"Certainly."

"What wine have you?" Mr. Cliff mentioned several kinds of wine, and his guest selected champagne. He asked for a wine card, but the host told him it was unnecessary. Woolcott regaled his host with one bottle and called for another. The dinner was delightfully served, and altogether Woolcott found the landlord a very agreeable companion. Judging by the number of foreign places he was familiar with, Woolcott thought that he must have kept hotels all over the world. Mr. Cliff suggested that, since the auto party would not return till late, perhaps Woolcott would not sit up for them. Since the latter did not relish a meeting with the lady to whom he had come to propose before others he said he thought he would go to bed.

When he went down to breakfast in the morning he met a genial party, every one of whom had been conversed with regard to his reception. Miss Martindale had been horrified at the blunder he had made. She had expected him to stop at a hotel and call upon her at her friend's. But Mr. Cliff pleaded with her to permit her friend to remain in ignorance of the situation temporarily and continue to be entertained by the Cliff family.

Miss Martindale advanced with a smile, not untinged with embarrassment, but refrained from mentioning the mistake. All sat down together to breakfast, and Woolcott thought what a charming place it would be for him to make his proposal.

He had ample opportunity, for the members of the family kept out of the couple's way, having some suspicion of the young man's errand. During the afternoon the two took a long walk, and when they came back Woolcott looked very proud of himself. At dinner he remarked to Mrs. Cliff that he had never before stopped at so charming a hotel.

"Hotel!" exclaimed the lady, feigning surprise. "Mr. Woolcott," said the host, "I have to thank you for making a mistake in taking my house for a hotel. Had you not done so I should not have had the pleasure of entertaining you."

Woolcott saw by the looks of those present, especially his fiancée, that he had blundered, but both host and hostess came to the rescue, and it was not long before he was feeling quite at home and laughing with the rest over this mistake. But it is not to be expected of a man who has won the girl he wants that he will mind a little thing like that.

Making the Little Farm Pay

By C. C. BOWSFIELD



FOR quick money-making, with small investment and easy work, no branch of farm industry surpasses pork raising. No feature can fit better into a little farm program, and no line of production is safer and more profitable on a large place.

Hogpens may be of the most inexpensive kind, but they must be kept clean. They need to be proof against drafts and storms. Clean premises also are essential in guarding against disease. Two or three acres of rape and an acre of artichokes will provide practically all the fodder required by twenty-five pigs from weaning till fattening time.

If a supply of skim milk or whey is available it will pay to use it, and a light ration of corn or peas once a day will be a help. The rape and artichokes may be depended on to bring the animals on at a fair rate of growth all summer. Liberal feeding of corn for three or four weeks before marketing will assist weight and quality of flesh. Any amateur can grow the crops named and manage a drove of pigs.

There is a distinct public demand for the meat of lightweight hogs ranging from 200 to 300 pounds. The most profitable pork is that grown in eight to ten months, or from April to December, so that there is little winter feeding, and most of the growth is obtained from field forage.

Perhaps as good a plan as any is to market twenty out of twenty-five hogs late in the fall and carry over the remaining five until they are sixteen to eighteen months old. The bacon market calls for the larger animal, and prices are apt to be higher in the late winter months than in the fall.

All the breeds of hogs have their advocates. For general purposes nothing is better than to use dams of Chester White, Tamworth or Duroc type, crossed with males of the Poland-China or Berkshire variety. This kind of breeding will give large litters and good sized animals.

In this country the most popular breed has been the Poland-China. This breed has many good characteristics. It is a rapid grower, makes good use of food supplied and can be kept ready for market at any time, either as a sucker, porker or baconer. The litters are rather small, however, and for this reason, as well as to get more range animals for general purposes, farmers are disposed to cross the breeds.

The selection of the male is of great importance, as he directly influences every pig one may have to fatten, and it depends on his breeding very largely whether or not the pigs can make profitable use of the food given them. As in the case of all sires, the male should be pure bred, of approved strain, both with regard to capacity to put on flesh rapidly and to influence the sow in the production of large litters.

The dam need not necessarily be pure bred, provided she is of a good type. She should be selected from a prolific mother, as fecundity is hereditary. The tests should number at least twelve, fully developed, set well apart, even in size, and the front tests well forward on the body. The number of tests does not indicate always the number of pigs she is likely to have. Sometimes sows with ten or eleven tests will have large litters.

Whether on range or in pen, hogs should have a medicinal ration made up as follows: One pound each of wood charcoal, sulphur, salt, baking soda and sulphide of antimony. Pulverize and mix thoroughly. Use a tablespoonful daily for each pig from the time they are old enough to run in the field. Add a tablespoonful of bone meal for each animal and mix the whole lot with enough moistened meal or bran to make a palatable mess. Clean water and shade are essentials. Dipping also is advisable. In cases of sickness keep those affected away from the sound ones and take prompt action to prevent the spread of disease.

Whitewash.

The following formula for whitewash has been recommended by the United States department of agriculture:

Take half a bushel of unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water and cover during the process to keep in steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting and one pound of clean glue previously dissolved by soaking in cold water and then hanging over a slow fire in a small pot hung in a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let it stand a few days covered from dirt. It should be applied hot, for which purpose it can be kept in a kettle or a portable furnace. Coloring matter may be added as desired. Where a less durable whitewash will answer the above may be modified by leaving out the whiting and glue.

HOUSE HUNTING

By LAURA R. TURNLEE

MacElligott returned from his vacation, and when he entered his bachelor home—a single room, which was all he needed—it seemed lonelier to him than ever. In a country hotel with women and children about him he had had an advantage. None of them belonged to him, but neither he nor they had anything to do all day long, and he could see as much of them as he liked. But now he was back again to the same desolation.

"I've a mind to take a house," he said—"a small house, but a whole house. I'll have room to ask friends to come and stay with me. I can walk about in the rooms."

So the next day he went house hunting. After visiting a number he came upon a cozy place just about big enough for him. But somehow his enthusiasm for housekeeping had been replaced by common sense. "No one can make a home without a woman in it," he muttered to himself. "My friends won't come to keep me company, and I wouldn't want them any way." While he spoke he pushed the button at the front door. A moment before it was opened a young woman of prepossessing appearance came up the steps. An elderly woman appeared at the door, and MacElligott drew back. The lady who had just appeared said:

"I understand that this house is to be furnished. Can I see it?"

"Certainly." Supposing the two had come together to look at the house, the keeper of it led the way into the living room, a dainty little apartment, neatly furnished, and from there through the rooms on the first floor. On reaching the second floor she threw open the door of the best bedroom, remarking, "Any couple who couldn't be happy in this room couldn't be happy at all."

MacElligott and the lady both looked very sober at this, for the keeper said it as if having mistaken them for a married couple. MacElligott looked at the ceiling, and the lady looked at the door.

"And here," continued the speaker, opening a door communicating with a smaller room, "is a convenient room for a child. The crib over in that corner will be left with the other furniture."

Neither the gentleman nor the lady showed the expected appreciation for the child's room or the crib, but the conductor passed on to other chambers, expatiating on what they were for and how convenient they were, finally passing down into the living room again. She was about to make an effort to rent the house when there was a ring at the doorbell, and she left them while she answered it. The lady stood looking down to the floor. It was very stupid of the keeper to go about talking to them as if they were married when they had not even met before. MacElligott thought it time to assure the lady that if she wanted the house he would not think of standing in her way. After an abem he did so.

"Taking a house is only a passing fancy of mine," she replied. "I'm tired of boarding and would like a house, but I have no one to occupy it with me, and I doubt if I should improve my condition by housekeeping. True, it would give me occupation to take care of it, but I should have to take in a woman as a roomer for company, and I dislike having persons about in whom I have no interest. Besides, a woman would be no protection."

"I am in the same fix," replied MacElligott. "I'm a bachelor, and if I should take a house it would soon be a sorry looking place, with no woman to look after it. Without constant scrubbing, brushing and putting things to rights any house will run down."

"That's very true, but you could hire a housekeeper, some elderly person, whose presence wouldn't—wouldn't excite comment."

"I'm! I would prefer one whose presence would excite comment."

At this the lady's eyes dropped again to the floor. "How would it do for you to take the house and rent a room to some old man, whose presence would not cause comment? He would serve perhaps for protection."

There was no reply to this, the lady keeping her eyes on the floor, but her features said very plainly, "I'd rather have a man about my own age."

Meanwhile the keeper was showing another person through the house, and MacElligott, hearing them coming downstairs, said:

"May I make bold to ask your address? I may be able to suggest a plan for you. I have a cousin who?"

The lie was not spoken. The keeper was coming. The lady hurriedly gave her address in a low tone and passed out. MacElligott waited till the third party had gone, then made a bargain for the house.

"When would you like possession?" asked the woman.

"I don't know."

"I take it your wife is much pleased with the house."

"Very much pleased." MacElligott paid the rent on the house for three months, then one day called with the lady he had met there and made arrangements for its occupancy. The keeper still spoke of her as "your wife," but caused no embarrassment, because by this time the couple were engaged.

How to be Certain of Curing Constipation

Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, but where health is at stake and the opinion of thousands of reliable people differs from yours, prejudice then becomes your menace and you ought to say it aside. This is said in the interest of people suffering from chronic constipation, and it is worthy of their attention.

In the opinion of legions of reliable American people the most stubborn constipation imaginable can be cured by a brief use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You may not have heard of it before, but do not doubt its merits on that account, or because it has not been blatantly advertised. It has sold very successfully on word of mouth recommendation. Parents are giving it to their children today who were given it by their parents, and it has been truthfully said that more druggists use it personally in their families than any other laxative.

Letters recently received from M. E. Myers, Morrison, Tenn., and Ada Hamersmith, 118 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky., are but a few of thousands showing the esteem in which Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is held. It is mild, gentle, non-gripping—not violent, like salts or cathartics. It cures gradually and pleasantly so that in time nature again does its own work without outside aid. Constipated people owe it to themselves to use this grand bowel specific.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 405 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

The body of Pope Leo will be transferred soon from St. Peter's to the church of St. John Lateran.

His Stomach Troubles Over.

Mr. Dyspeptic would you not like to feel that your stomach troubles were over, and that you could eat any kind of food you desired without injury? That may seem so unlikely to you that you do not even hope for an ending of your trouble, but permit us to assure you that it is not altogether impossible. If others can be cured permanently, and thousands have been, why not you? John R. Barker, of Battle Creek, Mich., is one of them. He says, "I was troubled with heartburn, indigestion, and liver complaint until I used Chamberlain's Tablets, then my trouble was over." Said by Paul Drug Co.

T. O. Newman, 66, a prominent business man of Bardstown, died Sunday noon of hardening of the arteries.

Wonderful Cough Remedy.

Dr. King's New Discovery is known everywhere as the remedy which will surely stop a cough or cold. D. P. Lawson, of Eidson, Tenn., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the most wonderful cough, cold and throat and lung medicine I ever sold in my store. It can't be beat. It sells without any trouble at all. It needs no guarantee." This is true, because Dr. King's New Discovery will relieve the most obstinate of coughs and colds. Lung trouble quickly helped by its use. You should keep a bottle in the house at all times for all the members of the family. 50c and \$1.00.—Paul Drug Co. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.

J. W. White, twenty-five inches tall and said to be the smallest man in the world, died in London at the age of fifty-three.

For Frost Bites and Chapped Skin

For frost bitten ears, fingers and toes; chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, there is nothing to equal Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Stops the pain at once and heals quickly. In every home there should be a box handy all the time. Best remedy for all skin diseases, itching eczema, tetters, piles, etc. 25c.—Paul Drug Co. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.

The victims of the Christmas tree tragedy at Calumet, Michigan, were buried Sunday.

Chronic Constipation Cured.

"Five years ago I had the worst case of chronic constipation I ever knew of, and Chamberlain's Tablets cured me," writes S. F. Fish, Brooklyn, Mich. For sale by Paul Drug Co.

Subscribe for the Adair County News. \$100 a year.

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Henry Rush, an Allen county farmer, was shot Saturday night at a neighbor's home by an unknown assassin.

Should either the bear or his keeper let go of either end of either sack and thus "break the circuit," the bear may be "basted" until the connection is restored. No touch made by the keeper counts unless both he and the bear have hold of the bear's sack. Thus it becomes an object of the game to strike at the bear's sack and break either his hold or that of his keeper or else to "disarm" the keeper by striking his sack with another sack and giving a quick pull as the sacks entwine.

Concerning Fire.

There are different kinds of fire. Have you ever wondered why the flame of the kitchen stove is blue, why the open gas jet and the incandescent electric bulb shed yellow light, why the gas mantle shines white and why the electric arc is blue, especially when you see it burning in the daytime? The source of the light is different.

The old fashioned gas jet and the incandescent bulb shine because the carbon (or tungsten) in them is more than red hot. The difference is that the thin wire of carbon (or something else) in the bulb is heated by electricity and the fine carbon dust of the open flame (it is called soot when it's cold), is heated by the blue flame. The yellow gas flame is not nearly so hot as the blue. That is why you should not turn up the gas too high when you are cooking things on the kitchen range.

The gas mantle is white because the fabric is heated to a great degree by a blue flame inside, much like that of the kitchen stove, and very hot. The electric arc shines with the light from intensely hot carbon, but mostly from the oxygen of the air, which is raised to a white heat by the passage of electricity between the two carbons.

Geographical Game.

Seat the players in a ring. Let the first one say aloud the name of a city, mountain, river, lake, and so on, located in any part of the world. The next player gives a name beginning with the final letter of the previously said name, and the third supplies one beginning with the final letter of the second, and so on, around the ring—thus: America, Africa; Sacramento, Oberlin. Each player is allowed thirty seconds in which to think. If by the end of that time he has failed to supply a name he must drop out of the game. The one who keeps up longest is the champion. Any player at any time may be challenged to give the geographical location of the place he has named. If on demand he cannot do so he must pay a forfeit.

Sayings About Apples.

There are a great many people who are fond of apples, and it is right that they should be, as this lovely autumn fruit is not only good to the taste, but wholesome to eat. Long, long ago our ancestors made up this little rime about apples:

Eat an apple going to bed,
Make the doctor beg his bread.

The Danes had a saying, "The rotten apple spoils its companion," a reminder of the fact that evil is easily spread. Another saying connected with this fruit was, "He goes from apple to apple till he gets a crab." This meant that persons who are over-particular in choosing are apt to select just what they do not like; the "crab" means the crab apple, which is usually sour and harsh.

A Fish Story.

It was down in South Carolina that Mr. Hiers went fishing. He had just caught a fish and pulled it up out of the water when an eagle, which seemed to be hungry, swooped down and made a bite at the catch. Mr. Hiers yelled and swung his arm, and the eagle flapped aside, but its wing caught in the hook that had already caught the fish. So Mr. Hiers killed the bird after a fight and carried it home to exhibit it in triumph to wondering neighbors. It measured nearly six feet from tip to tip of the wings.

The Furnace Man.

The furnace man comes every day To make the steam heat go, And when we have a storm he has To shovel out the snow. I help him with my shovel To clear away the snow. When two men work together It's easier, you know.

PNEUMONIA

left me with a frightful cough and very weak. I had spells when I could hardly breathe or speak for 10 to 20 minutes. My doctor could not help me, but I was completely cured by

DR. KING'S New Discovery

Mrs. J. E. Cox, Joliet, Ill.
50c AND \$1.00 AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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VETERINARY SURGEON



Special Attention to Eyes

Fistula, Poll-evil, Spavin or any surgical work done at fair prices. I am well fixed to take care of stock. Money due when work is done or stock removed from stables.

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Made A New Man Of Him. "I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C. "and after four bottles of Electric Bitters I made me feel like a new man." PRICE 50 CTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

I keep on hands a full stock of coffins, caskets, and robes. I also keep Metallic Caskets, and Steel Boxes and two hearses. Prompt service night or day. Residence Phone 29, office Phone 98. 45-1 yr Ad J. F. Triptett, Columbia, Ky.

STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS

Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it.

I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest.

Get a package today.

Only a quarter.

Statistics show that drunkenness caused forty-six percent of the divorces obtained this year in Chicago.

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

"I am very glad to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. Lida Dewey, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "I have used it for years both for my children and for myself and it never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. No family with children should be without it as it gives almost immediate relief in cases of croup." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is pleasant and safe to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. For sale by Paul Drug Co.

There has been a decided upturn in the New York market since the passage of the currency bill.

An Ideal Woman's Laxative.

Who wants to take salts or castor oil, when there is nothing better than Dr. King's New Life Pills for all bowel troubles. They act gently and naturally on the stomach and liver, stimulate and regulate your bowels and tone up the entire system. Price 25c. Paul Drug Co. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.

J. Rogers Gore has been appointed chief deputy to Collector Scott Mays and takes his office January 25.

Worms The Cause of Your Child's Pains.

A foul, disagreeable breath, dark circles around the eyes, at times feverish, with great thirst; cheeks flushed and then pale, abdomen swollen with sharp cramping pains are all indications of worms. Don't let your child suffer—Kickapoo Worm Killer will give sure relief. It kills the worms while its laxative effect add greatly to the health of your child by removing the dangerous and disagreeable effect of worms and parasites from the system. Kickapoo Worm Killer as a health producer should be in every household. Perfectly safe. Buy a box to-day. Price 25c.—Paul Drug Co. Kickapoo Indian Med. Co. Phila. or St. Louis.

Petitions have been filed asking for an election on State wide Prohibition in California.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy has no superior for coughs and colds. It is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other narcotic. It always cures. For sale by Paul Drug Co.

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I will drill wells in Adair and adjoining counties. See me before contracting. Latest improved machinery of all kinds. Pump Repairing Done. Give me a Call.

J. C. YATES

Making the Little Farm Pay

By C. C. BOWSFIELD



FARMERS of all classes will find it profitable to have concrete buildings, troughs, tanks and walks on their premises.

Persons starting in agriculture should not neglect the opportunity to have substantial and fireproof structures. It is easy to go ahead on this line from the beginning, though hard to change after a start has been made with frame buildings.

Concrete is as cheap as lumber for building purposes and even cheaper if sand, gravel and labor are largely furnished on the place. An ordinary farm hand will become expert in the use of concrete with a few days' experience.

Silos, barns and other buildings made of this material are much safer than wood against fire and storm.

The largest part of concrete is the gravel or crushed stone. This should be clean—that is, free from loam, clay or vegetable matter. The best results are obtained from a mixture of sizes graded from the smallest, which is retained on a one-fourth inch screen, to the larger ones that will pass a one and one-half inch ring. For heavy foundation and abutment work larger sized pebbles and stones might be used, while for re-enforced concrete work pebbles larger than those passing a one inch ring should not be used.

In the selection of sand the greatest care should be used, and critical attention should be given to its quality, for sand contributes from one-third to one-half of the amount of the materials used in making concrete. Sand may be considered as including all grains and small pebbles that will pass through a wire screen with one-fourth inch meshes, while gravel in general is the pebbles and stones retained upon such a screen. The sand should be clean, coarse and, if possible, free from loam, clay and vegetable matter.

In mixing materials for concrete use two and a half times as much sand as portland cement and twice as much gravel or stone as sand—that is, one part cement, two and a half parts of sand and five parts of gravel or crushed stone. Use just enough water to get the consistency desired. If the sand is very fine the cement should be increased from 10 to 15 per cent. When the mixture does not have a uniform color, but looks streaky, it has not been fully mixed.

If the mixture does not work well and the sand and cement do not fill the voids in the stone, the percentage of stone should be reduced slightly, but the concrete should first be properly mixed. Concrete that is poorly mixed may present features that are entirely eliminated by turning it over once or twice more.

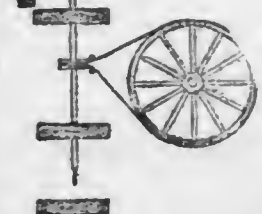
Concrete wet enough to be mushy and run off a shovel when being handled is used for re-enforced work, thick walls or other thin sections. Concrete just wet enough to make it jelly-like is used for some re-enforced work and also for foundations, floors, etc. It requires ramming with a tamper to remove air bubbles and to fill voids. This concrete is of a medium consistency.

Sometimes bank or creek gravel, which will answer the purpose of sand and gravel combined, can be obtained, and it is frequently used on the farm and in small jobs of concrete work just as it comes from the pit or creek. Occasionally this gravel contains nearly the right proportions of sand and gravel, but in the majority of sand pits and gravel banks there is a great variation in the sizes of the grains and pebbles or gravel and in the quantities of each. This is due to the fact that all the deposits are formed in seams or pockets that make it impossible to secure anything like uniformity. Therefore, to get the best and cheapest concrete it is advisable to screen the sand and gravel and to mix them in the correct proportions for the work.

Homemade Drill.

To make a drill, something which is essential on every farm, take a wheel about eighteen inches in diameter and wide enough to run a belt on and bolt same to the side of your workshop, as shown in sketch.

Take two 2 by 4's about eight inches long and bore a five-eighths inch hole in the center of each, so that a half inch gaspise will work in them freely. Bolt these 2 by 4's to the side of the building about twelve inches from the big wheel. Attach a four inch pulley to the half inch pipe or rod so as to run a belt from the large wheel to this, and fasten an old brace ratchet to the bottom of the gaspise to hold the drill in place. Put a weight on a lever at the top of the drill rod to force the drill through the iron.—Iowa Homestead.



A NIHILIST'S LUCKY ESCAPE

Saved From Siberia by the Wit of a Girl.

"I am going to St. Petersburg on a mission," said a nihilist in New York to a fellow worker. "Do you know any one there who will shield me if cornered?"

The question was answered by a story.

Not long ago I was there myself. One day I was directed to carry a bundle of printed revolutionary documents from our rooms to the house of a member in a different part of the city. I studiously avoided any haste, sauntering along as though I had no wish to be at the end of my route. At a street crossing, glancing aside to avoid being run down by some vehicle, I saw a man standing on the opposite corner with his eyes fixed intently upon me. He had his hands in his pockets and was apparently loitering, but the moment he saw that I noticed him he started off briskly in the opposite direction from what I was going.

Nevertheless he did not lose sight of me. I had not gone far when, in order to be able to look back without my design being suspected, I stopped before a shop window, glancing rearward out of the corner of my eye. I was just in time to see the man I was looking for disappear in an alley.

I was now thoroughly frightened. Without doubt he was shadowing me. For some time I watched him with one eye and the policeman I happened to see by the way with the other.

We nihilists, of course, all knew the location of the police stations and the residences of the officers. Suddenly noticing that I was passing the house of the chief of the district, it occurred to me to play a desperate game. I resolved to bluff my watcher into the belief that he was after the wrong man by boldly entering the house. What under heaven I was to do there I did not know. Mounting a few steps, I tried the door. It was locked, but at the moment was opened by a young lady in hat and wraps, evidently about to come out. I stepped inside without an invitation and closed the door.

"May I speak with you a moment?" I asked, removing my hat.

The parlor door was open, and as I looked wistfully into the room she motioned me to enter, then followed. I turned and faced her, studying by her expression what kind of a person I had to deal with. Then I spoke in a low voice, seriously, pleadingly.

"You have the life of a fellow being in your keeping."

"Yes, I am a nihilist. In this package are revolutionary documents. A man outside has been shadowing me. He will come in to make sure that I am not what he suspects. The result will be Siberia. Rather than that—death!"

I took a revolver from my pocket.

"If I am discovered trying to save you it means ruin for me and my father. He would go to Siberia instead of you."

"You are right," I replied. "I will not ask or accept such a sacrifice."

I placed the muzzle of the revolver in my mouth and drew back the hammer. Before I could pull the trigger I felt a soft hand on my arm.

"Undo your package," she said. "Be quick!"

I untied the strings and unfolded the paper. The girl, snatching a dozen books from the library, tossed them to me. I put them in the place of the documents and tied up the package. I had not quite finished when there was a ring at the doorbell. Throwing the documents under the sofa, the young lady went to answer the summons. I seated myself on the sofa, holding the package in my lap. When the door was opened I heard voices in the hall.

"Is the colonel at home?"

"No; my father is out."

"I am one of the secret police. A man has come in here whose name is on the black list. It is quite probable that he is playing a double game, pretending to work for your father."

"There is a man in the parlor, a messenger from a friend of mine who has sent him to return some books I lent her."

"Can I see him?"

"Certainly."

My shadower entered.

"Stand up," he said.

I did as he commanded, and he searched me. Not finding anything to compromise me, he untied the package and found the books. He was not satisfied, but there was nothing for him to do but acquiesce. No one is to be trusted in Russia, and even this daughter of a police official was suspected by the man, as I could see by his looks.

"I am sorry to have to disturb you," he said to her, "but when I come to recount the matter to your father I am sure he will bear me out in what I have done. Good morning."

The narrator ceased and the listener asked:

"The name of this young girl?"

"Not for my life would I give it."

"Ah, well, I can't blame you. What did you do next?"

"I was ordered by our chief to leave the country as soon as I could do so without exciting attention. He feared that, in addition to being in jeopardy myself, I would bring down the police on all the rest of our society. I made an attempt to leave the same night, succeeded, made for the coast and embarked for America."

A Case of Mingled Faculties.

By EDWARD L. FORSYTHE

I am an artist—an American—and till recent years forced to make a living as best I could illustrating for magazines. When I reached middle life a legacy enabled me to go abroad with the view to try to make a painter of myself. I realized that I was beginning too late in life to hope for much success. One should learn to handle a brush when the muscles are young and flexible.

I studied awhile in Paris, but my fears were realized. In my conceptions I felt every confidence, but when I attempted to put them on canvas I failed. I determined to return home by way of Italy, where I proposed to regale myself among the works of art I would find there. Having spent some time in Florence and Rome, I went on down to Naples, where I intended to take passage for America.

I found here in the most beautiful bay in the world a temptation to make one more trial with my brush. While I was at work I fell ill. My room was with a widow in a house that overlooked the bay. During my sickness I would get out of bed and, seating myself in an easy chair, wrapped in rugs, sit gazing out through an open window upon the scene before me.

What is especially fixed in my mind is the varying views which seemed to be passing before me like a panorama. At one time the water in the bay would be a deep, then a light green. Again it would be a deep or a pale blue. There were times when there were streaks of silver in it. At one time the island of Ischia, to the northward, was bathed in purple; then Capri, directly before under the influence of the setting sun, would be tinged with scarlet hues.

My landlady had a son, Emilio, about fourteen years old, in whom I was interested, because he showed a considerable inherent artistic taste. His conceptions were of little or no value, but his ability to execute them was considerable.

"Ah, my boy," I said to him, "if I could return to your age and devote myself to art I could put the beautiful things I am capable of seeing on canvas for the admiration of the world. These pictures the bay affords are commonplace to you. If they were to you what they are to me you would be esteemed a great painter."

While I made no reply to this, I noticed that it made a great impression upon him. I said it before I was taken ill, and afterward, when I was suffering, he came in often to see me, not to talk, but merely to be with me. I remember especially his doing this when I sat in my easy chair before the window absorbing the different views the bay afforded me.

As soon as I recovered I sailed for America and did not revisit Italy for eight years. On my return I found in the National gallery in Naples several paintings of the bay of Naples that brought me a strange sensation. They represented the bay under different conditions that had impressed me during my illness. As no human face is exactly reproduced in another, so none of these views could be exactly duplicated on different days. What especially impressed me was that there were five of these views, each one of which I had seen in nature itself. I looked for the name of the artist on the painting, but it was not there.

Accosting one of the gallery officials, I led him to the pictures and asked about the artist.

"Those pictures," he said, "were painted by a mere boy. It was supposed that he would become one of the famous artists of the world, but he produced only these works, which were all executed about the same time."

"Why is there no name on them?"

"Because the boy who painted them would not consent to put his name there."

"Why not?"

"I have understood that he had some childish whim that he was not entitled to any credit for their merit."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes. It is Emilio Murelli."

"Emilio Murelli?"

"Yes, signor. Why are you so surprised?"

"Eight years ago I knew an Emilio Murelli," I replied when I had collected my faculties, "a boy who had considerable ability to execute, but not the true artistic individuality. He was a worker, not a dreamer. I cannot understand how he could have produced these pictures."

The official shrugged his shoulders, as the Italians do when they are stumped, and left me.

I tried to find Emilio, who was now a man, and failed. More years have passed since then, during which I have taken a deep interest in those subtle conditions which on rare occasions indicate a mingling of two different souls. I have put upon the incident I have related an interpretation of my own, though I confess it is a mere suggestion. I consider it possible that, while my personality was weak and pliable through illness, there was something in Emilio that enabled him to draw from me my appreciation of the beautiful scenes I saw in the bay of Naples, and he was competent in himself to transfer them to the canvas. I believe the day will come when certain laws upon which such intermingling depends will be known, just as the electric laws guiding wireless telegraphy are known.

W. B. Hill left for Louisville the first of the week.

W. C. Yates, of Portland, was here one day last week.

Jacob Nelson, of Greensburg, was in our midst last Friday.

Quite a lot of spoke timber is on the mill yard at this place.

John Holladay spent last Friday in our midst, while enroute for Columbia.

Mr. McKinley and family, formerly of Greensburg, are now citizens of our town. Mr. McKinley will engage in the mill business.

Several of our young men have entered school at Columbia—the very best thing they could do.

Mr. Lum Hill spent several days last week in the Sparksville community. He reports a very nice time with plenty of good music.

Mr. Clem Keltner and family left last Friday for their new home near Campbellsville.

Quite a number of our citizens changed residences last week—the beginning of the new Year.

Mr. S. F. Pendleton, of Greensburg, was in our midst last Monday. Mr. Pendleton reports a good market at Greensburg on tobacco.

Prof. Miller, the well-known insurance man of Campbellsville, was in our town last Friday looking after some insurance business.

Mr. Luther Willis and family moved the first of the week to their home recently purchased of Mr. J. F. Pendleton—a very desirable home.

Mr. Tim Cravens, the well-known insurance man of Columbia, spent one day last week in our city looking after insurance.

Mr. J. P. Hutchison and J. H. Barnes made our town last week in the interest of produce, both paying the highest market price.

Mr. A. T. Sherrill has been a very sick man for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Arvest Hill came in last week from Louisville, to spend a few weeks with their parents before they return to the Lone Star State for their future home.

Mr. Logan Shirrell and family, who have been living at Bliss for the past year or so, have moved into our community to make their future home.

Mr. Silas Cain sold last week to Nelson Coomer, one young mule for \$100. R. L. Caldwell sold James Rutherford one span of four-year-old mules for \$240.

Our farmers have been putting in the rainy days preparing their tobacco for the market, and by the way we must say here, the 1913 crop sold through this section, and we take it that our farmers would be glad to sell their tobacco for the time is fast approaching for preparations for another crop. They are talking plant bed burning now, around the stores on rainy days.

Notice.

All persons holding claims against the county, payable out of the 1913 levy, are hereby notified to present same for payment at the Bank of Columbia, Columbia, Ky., on the first day of January, 1914. All claims against the county payable out of the 1913 levy will cease to draw interest after January 1st, 1914, and will be paid at the aforesaid Bank on that day or any day thereafter, on which they may be presented.

J. R. GARNETT,
Treasurer of Adair County, Ky.

From Missouri.

Carrollton, Dec., 26, 1913.

Editor News:—

In looking over the columns of your paper this morning for items of interest from my native land, I also found quite a glowing description of Carroll county, portrayed by the pen of Melvin L. White, to whom I recited my first lessons in McGuffey's blue back. To convince the people of Adair county more fully that Melvin has told the whole truth, I am sending to The News a clipping from the Carrollton Democrat, so if you think Mr. White has been placing values too high, this will be a voucher for his statement. I think that I am better qualified to tell my Kentucky friends about Carroll county than Mr. White, because I preceded him to the land of corn and wine thirty-one years. The object I have in sending these lines and clipping are to show you railroad boosters how this land has advanced in value since the C. B. & Q. Railroad was built in 1882 and 1883. At that time the nearest railroad to North Carroll was the Wabash, about twenty-five miles to Carrollton and eighteen or twenty to Dewitt, consequently the only way to make a farm pay was to raise corn, sell it to feeders of cattle and hogs, who could drive them to market when fat. That practice had been kept up since the first settlement of the country, so the corn-producing properties became exhausted, and there was not a promising future for the farmers, so the price of land at time was sixteen to thirty dollars an acre. With the coming of the C. B. & Q., in 1882 and the Santa Fe in 1887, came the first opportunity for the farmer to begin a rotation of his crops. Shipping facilities being at hand, corn land was sown in wheat and oats, and many other new methods were adopted. Here I believe was the dawning of Carroll county's real prosperity.

Illinois farmers are the best buyers of Missouri land. They care little for the price, if they can get the land. There is but little land here now that can be bought for less than one hundred dollars. It runs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty an acre, and every transfer goes from ten to twenty-five dollars higher.

You people who live in Columbia, and own land within ten miles of your county seat, can well afford to build twenty miles of railroad, because the first whistle of a locomotive in Columbia will double the value of your property. Don't be afraid to work for a railroad. You cannot go wrong.

The following is the clipping mentioned above:

The biggest land deal ever made in Carroll county was consummated this week when Dr. H. W. Tull, W. E. Hudson, C. S. Wright, R. G. Martin, James Wright and R. H. Sawyer closed a deal for the 790 acre farm of John C. Slater, located 2½ miles southeast of Hale. The consideration was \$110,000. It part payment the purchasers turned in 611 acres of land located near Grand Junction, Colorado, which was valued at \$70,000. The other \$40,000 was cash.

This farm of 790 acres is the best improved farm in the county. It has five sets of improve-

ments on it, and every acre is in cultivation.

N. L. Eby, of Hale, made the trade. E. E. Cabbell.

We Have no Father Now.

We write in loving remembrance of our precious father A. K. Stone, who left us on Saturday night, Nov., 22, 1913. He was born August, 4th, 1836, was married to Nettie L. White May 8th, 1877. To this union there were born two sons and five daughters, six of whom are now living. For many years he was a devoted member of the Tabor Methodist Church taking a great interest in religious work. His whole life was spent on the farm where he died. He had always had very good health. He worked most every day. The first of his sickness we were going with him to haul in his corn. Just as we got into the field we were watching him drive down to the corn. We saw dear Father fall out of the wagon. No one but God can ever know how our hearts beat with pain. We thought he was almost killed. He said he was not hurt and helped us fill the wagon with corn, but that was the last work he ever done. He would walk about the house and tell us how to feed the stock. Just two weeks from the day he fell out of the wagon, he got worse, in spite of all that his physicians and love ones could do, he was called to his eternal home. He left us with a dear good mother. What a lonesome time we have when we go to the barn to feed night and morning. The wagon and everything about the barn remind us of our father. Every way we go on the farm there is some work he had done. It is hard for us to do without father, but the Lord knew best.

What beautiful hands.
Old and wrinkled and hard with toil
Browned with tan from the burning sun—
Bent because of the labor done—
How they toiled through the weary years.
Shrunk with sorrow and stained with tears,
On them branded the world may trace
Beauties more than themarbled grace.
These are beautiful hands of Father.
Those earnest eyes that looked on me
So kindly, father—
No more on me will shed their brilliant ray,
For now they look on white robed holy angels,
And behold the beauty of eternal day.
We were here to see that you were going, Father,
And with our hands to soothe your aching brow,
But grief for you has set our sad tears flowing
And when the journey's done, and the ship is safely anchored,
On this side we have left all grief and care
And joined the countless throng of souls immortal,
In that fair land of promise over there.
With Christ's own hand to lead us we shall wander
In search of friends who loved us true,
He'll take us to them never to be parted.
Then with those loved ones we will look for you.

Maud and Liddie.

Dirigo.

The Dirigo man will begin his message by wishing the News and its many readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Finis Stotts and their little daughter, Alice, of Amandaville, visited relatives at this place during the holidays.

The younger people of this community were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Williams Christmas night with a candy breaking. Messrs. Lee McKinley and

Lindsey Wilson Training School

A safe place to put your children.
Good Courses of Study. Strong Faculty.
Clean Athletics. Low Rates

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It is important that all pupils be here at the beginning of the term, especially those expecting to enter the Teacher's Training Class.

EXPENSES

Board per month	\$10.00	Incidental Fee	\$ 1.50
Tuition, Intermediate, per mo.	3.00	Training School per mo.	4.00
Teachers Training	4.00	Commercial Course per mo.	5.00
Elocution and Music, each, per mo. \$3.00			

The Next Term Begins Dec. 30, 1913.

For Catalogue or information, address,
CHANDLER & MOSS, Columbia, Ky.

Auction Sale

Monday, Jan. 5, 1914.

On the above date I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, a Big assortment of Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies Long Coats and a lot of all kinds of Notions. Attend this Sale and get some Bargains.

G. W. STAPLES,
Auctioneer.

Gone to Her Reward.

On Friday night, Dec., 26th, the death Angel visited the home of Mr. Finis Thomas and claimed its victim his beloved wife, Nona. She was a daughter of Mr. J. A. Chapman and was 26 years 6 months and 22 days old. She was a victim of the dreaded disease consumption. She leaves a husband, a father and a sister with a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. Her death was not unexpected as she had been confined to her room for several months. All that loving hands could do was done for her. But God knew best.

Nona was good and kind and loved by all who knew her. To the bereaved husband we can say, weep not as they who have no hope. She was a kind and loving wife and will be greatly missed in this neighborhood, but most of all by her husband, who is so lonely without her. But weep not for she is safe with Jesus and is beckoning to loved ones to join her around God's eternal throne, where there will be no more partings and sad good-byes.

The sacred tie is broken and she has gone to try the realities of that great beyond, which sooner or later we must all enter into. It is such a sweet thought for her loved ones to know, she is at rest with Jesus and that some Sweet day they all can join her in heaven, an unbroken band around God's throne. It is so hard to give her up, but it is God's will. His will be done not ours.

A precious one from us is gone;
A voice we loved is still
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

A cousin
Anthem Wesley.

Four good, young Jacks for sale, 2 to 5 years old.
Smith & Hunn,
Columbia, Ky.

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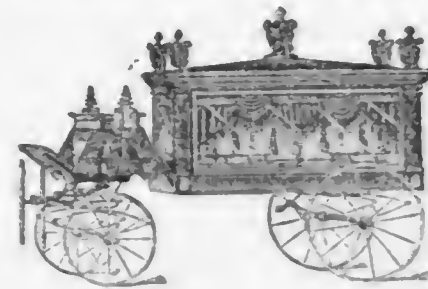
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Jamestown, Ky.

THIS HOTEL IS OPEN TO THE traveling public. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Cozy rooms and close attention paid to guests. Fare very reasonable. Good feed barn attached.

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